

The Nationalist.

FREEDOM, TRUTH, AND JUSTICE.

Vol. 1.

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No. 14.

THE NATIONALIST.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Under no circumstance will any advertisement of uncharitable character or doubtful influence be inserted in these columns. Notices coming from parties unknown to the Publishers, must be paid for in advance.

MY QUEENLY ISLAND HOME.

Ever gliding through my slumbers,
Softly fitting o'er my dreams,
Weaving spells around my numbers,
From the music of the streams,
He that placed the stars above thee,
In that spacious azure dome,
Only knows how much I love thee,
My own queenly island home.
Only knows how much I love thee,
My own queenly island home.
Through the veil that shrouds thy story,
In my visions I can see
Fairy gleamings of the glory
That so long e'er shadowed thee;
Still its rays come flashing o'er me,
For no matter where I roam,
Thou art evermore before me,
My own queenly island home.
Thou art evermore before me,
My own queenly island home.
Pure and lovely I behold thee,
As thou wert in days of yore,
Ere the traitor knives had sold thee,
And thy fruitful vales moldered;
When the sunburst flashed above thee,
On each castle, tower and dome,
When it was no crime to love thee,
My own queenly island home,
When it was no crime to love thee,
My own queenly island home.

Irish News.

The Home Rule movement is trying to extend its operations, and increase its influence by getting up a corps of paid attaches. That even will do little more than galvanize (not bring to life) the corpse of constitutional agitation in Ireland.

Kilkenny City is to have public baths. The Marquis of Ormonde contributed liberally in aid of the project.

The body of John Crowe was found drowned in the river at Ennis on the 23d ult.

Christopher King was tried at the Limerick Assizes on the charge of poisoning his father. Jury disagreed.

Terence Bourke pleaded guilty at the same assizes to the charge of killing Edmund Conolly at Ardpatrick. Eighteen months imprisonment.

The Alhambra Music Hall, Belfast, and the adjoining warehouse of the Brookfield Linen Company have been totally destroyed by fire.

An extensive coal bed has been discovered near Lach, on the estate of Colonel Irvine. A small stream running in the valley between the hills, has worn away the soil bare to the view. It has been pronounced by Enniskillen merchants quite superior to Leitrim and Dunganon coal, and equal to the best English. It burns brightly, contains much gas, and leaves little ash.

At the Assizes, before Baron Dowse, on the 1st inst., Michael Smyth was put on trial for the homicide of Andrew Kierman, an ex-policeman. His Lordship charged the jury, minutely detailing the evidence, and after a deliberation of two hours and a half, they brought in a verdict of manslaughter. His Lordship sentenced the prisoner to 20 years' penal servitude. Martin, the principal witness for the Crown, was escorted from the court by a strong body of police.

A healthy sign of a highly commendable spirit of toleration and mutual forbearance comes from a quarter where few would expect to find it. The authorities of the orange association of Ireland issued circulars to all the lodges strongly enjoining them to do nothing whatever which might impede the processions or displays which the Catholics might make on St. Patrick's Day. The light begins to break on the minds of even the ultra-loyal that, after all, Ireland and not England is their native land.

It appears that the Yankees are no longer to have a monopoly of all the sharp practices in the world. A Dublin committee having in charge the organization of a grand Bazaar in aid of the Tipperary patriotic fund to be held in the Rotundo, Dublin, on St. Patrick's Day last, thought it not unwise to create a big sensation by announcing and re-announcing the most splendid American would discourse the most splendid American airs to the most enthusiastic of Irish audiences. The news was most agreeable to the people, and much was the ink used in writing long editorials on the pleasing subject. The In-

man line offered to give the members of the band a free passage, and thereby cheaply earned the thanks of everybody; but the English papers came out on the subject, and forthwith Mr. Inman directed his Liverpool agent to withdraw the gratuitous offer. This was followed by a howl, which was natural, against the Inman line. Now who would think that all this enthusiasm and indignation had no foundation whatever. We must let the wind out of this big business, by simply telling our readers that the band of the 69th didn't go by the Inman line or any other line, and that it could not go at all. Reason why—the 69th N. Y. Regiment has at present no band of any kind! Now let our readers should think we were overdraining the picture, let us close up by giving an extract from a letter which Thomas Mooney of world-wide celebrity sent from London to Mr. Nolan of Dublin. Says Tom—"I have read with emotion, but not with surprise, that Inman has backed away from his promise to carry the band of the 69th from New York to Liverpool."

Those musicians, however, must come if we were to pledge our coats and watches to raise the money to pay their fare. The money must come! The manhood of Ireland is challenged! its patriotism, nationality—all are challenged! From all which we perceive that even so clever a man as Mr. Mooney may be humbugged. At the last quarter sessions of Belmullet there were over one hundred cases of ejectments, and decrees were obtained in almost all. Respecting evictions, the *Irishman* (March 8th) has the following:—"Those wintry messengers ('snow flakes') of misery and mischief—ejectment notices—once more begin to thicken as they fall over the land. Let us come to us from districts far and near, but the burden of their news is the same in all—Eviction!" Tipperary and Clare are among the districts upon which the visitation falls. The Land Act has proved a failure, if its real object was not to "improve" the tenants off the face of the land.

Work will soon begin on the monument intended to commemorate the virtues, patriotism, and heroic death of Peter O'Neill Crowley.

The Irish race presents to the consideration of mankind the anomalous spectacle of a people, of whom two-thirds are driven from their native homes by a system of which the remainder are rendered it impossible that they could live as human beings ought to live in the land which Providence had designed should be theirs. There are only about five millions of people in Ireland, at present; while more than twice that number are scattered in every region of the earth. There are in this city of New York, to-day, more people who belong directly to Ireland, than there are in Dublin, the chief city of that unhappy land.—*Irish American*.

The friendly "Sons of St. Patrick" must be a curious body. At the banquet held in New York, on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, everything treasonable to her Majesty's Crown and Government was strictly prohibited. Therefore, they are very properly advised to change their title to the loyal sons, and resume their old practice of drinking the toast—"The Queen, God bless her!"

The fame which Father Burke acquired by his patriotic orations in America went across the seas before him, and when he arrived in Queenstown an ovation awaited him. In Dublin he was received with pride, and when he went down to Galway, the people were almost wild with enthusiasm.

It will be encouraging to the lovers of Ireland's ancient tongue to know that according to the last full census, there are 1,105,596 persons in Ireland who speak Irish.

The magnificent flag which was got up in Ireland for presentation in Dublin, on St. Patrick's Day to the band of the 69th New York Regiment (which band has no existence), has been forwarded to New York, and by this time has been proudly received by the officers and men of that splendid regiment. They must deeply feel the honor accorded to bravery by the patriotic ladies of Ireland.

Murphy who was shot some months ago, and on whose account Kelly was hanged, was found, left the hospital, and summoned Mr. Pigott of the *Irishman* for wages alleged to be due to him as book-keeper in the office of that paper.

We think hard work respectable, but are convinced our countrymen take more than their share of it, especially when they emigrate. As a general thing, they are for the first year or two after their arrival in the United States as well off as the new-come Germans; but by and by, the German in the city starts a little business, and soon gets hold of a corner grocery; while too many of our remain hewers of wood and drawers of water. Again, the German starts out into the country, and however small the means with which he started, eventually becomes proprietor of a farm. We have no desire to hold up the Fenian character as something to be imitated in all respects by Irishmen, but in this particular of evincing an intense desire to get hold of property, and particularly landed property, we may safely set them down as models. The last census will enable us to see where the great break of the Germans are: New York, 316,702 of them; Illinois, 203,758; Ohio, 189,897; Wisconsin, 118,618; Indiana, 78,000; Iowa, 76,162; Michigan, 64,443; and California, 28,701. This means that the great bulk of German immigrants are camped under their own vines and fig trees in the agricultural States, and therefore, if they work hard, they work for themselves and have the profit of it. Irishmen work harder yet, but millions of them are working for others, and that is a state of things which should be changed as far as possible, and as soon as our countrymen can be made to see the point.

The things which English officials do in Ireland with impunity is something astounding. One of the latest atrocities revealed is the homicide of a poor demented creature named

James Danford in Limerick lunatic asylum. In December 1871, Danford struck a keeper with a razor strop. The affair being reported, the governor ordered the offender to be punished by a plunge bath. The peculiar hardship of the case is that the patient has a horror of water, and was under constant apprehensions of being drowned, into the bath, however, he was flung; his cries for mercy were unheeded; his struggles were unavailing; in fact, in half an hour he was a corpse. So little heed was paid to the death of the poor unfortunate that more than a year elapsed before the public heard a word of the atrocity. Judge Fitzgerald said—"Human life was sacrificed in 1871, and why was there no inquiry till December 1872?" Well, the answer given was—that no harm was intended. None of those concerned have been dismissed, which, of course, is indirect encouragement for all hands to go and do likewise.

Ireland is eminently peaceful, in fact, the most peaceful country in Europe. The extra police have nothing to do but watch disaffected persons whom they style Fenians (the most orderly class in the nation); crime is almost unknown; the most inveterate hard-drinking nothing to the charge of the people except the sending of a few threatening letters, which letters were most probably manufactured by the landlords themselves or their underlings; yet in the face of all this, the Meath Grand Jury with a half-crown and half-fine, and a few resolutions, are praying for a continuance of the Coercion Act which expires in July next. What the nature of these acts are we inform our readers in another place.

The Government has abandoned the Galway prosecutions, which is another acknowledged defeat for them and for that pure-minded traitor, Norbury Keogh.

The Irish University Bill is described by the *Flag of Ireland* in a cartoon as "England's last Message of Peace," rejected with scorn by a proud lady representing Ireland.

Gladsstone denies that there are any persons still incarcerated for participation in treasonous and seditious practices against her Majesty's Crown and Government except the following—E. Condon (or Shore), P. Melody (or Melvin), Michael Davitt, J. Wilson, Sergeant O. McCarthy, Sergeant J. Darragh, Corporal J. Chambers, Private E. Cranston, M. Harrington, James Keating, J. Hogan, James Wilson, Patrick Keating, P. Keating, J. O'Malley, J. McCoy, J. Delany, J. Shine, J. Foley, P. Killean, J. Kavanagh. Besides these twenty-one, the Amnesty Committee assert there are thirty others. But twenty or fifty, there is no sign of their immediate release.

When the reinstallation of President Grant was taking place in Washington on the 4th of March, a ceremony of another description was taking place in Enniskillen. Thirty-five men were receiving sentence there for being guilty of riotous assembly and the atrocious outrages of burning several edifices of the immaculate Judge Keogh. Pity it wasn't himself, and not his effigy which he so willingly committed to the flames. Judge Barry congratulated the Grand Jury on the absence of other crimes.

At the Assizes opened in Omagh, County Tyrone, on the 5th of March, Sub-Inspector Montgomery was placed in the dock charged with the murder of William Glass, Bank Manager, in Newtownstewart, on the 29th of June 1871. When tried last the jury disagreed, and he has got another chance for "necktie social," as is called the hangman's rope in Kansas.

The Fermanagh magistrates do not set a high value on the reputation of Norbury Keogh, for they fined a man the other day only six pence for hitting him. When the same judge was in Drogheda it required to protect him all the Drogheda police, a large reinforcement of their brothers from the country, a troop of dragoons, and all the available force of the 6th regiment. When it takes half an army and a pilot engine to secure a individual from harm, he must feel comfortable—very.

It is something reassuring and full of promise to find within the walls of old Trinity such an occurrence as the following: Sir R. P. Stewart delivered a series of lectures on Irish music in the Examination Hall; and at the conclusion of the last of the series the splendid band of the O'Connell played the *March of the Volunteers* of 1872. The quick-step was tapped on a drum used by the Volunteers of the period, now in possession of Mr. McMahon. The lecture and the march brought out the heartiest applause of the students.

Mr. Lewis, the Cockney member for Derry, says that if the Queen's College had been allowed to "bury themselves in the quiet sea," they would have been a "comparative success." Isn't that comical enough? Or rather isn't it a thundering bull?

United States Items.

Irishmen generally get less credit than they deserve, but in some things which confer an unenviable notoriety, we get a credit which we don't want or deserve. We are certainly demonstrative, particularly in our shortcomings, and perhaps on that account we are believed to be worse than we really are. For one thing we are considered to have an inordinate liking for whiskey. The revenue records of Great Britain and Ireland, show that the "cannie Scotch" are 37 per cent a head of us in that business. The people of the United States are so far ahead also, that we hope our countrymen shall never overtake them. Mr. Young of the Statistical Bureau in Washington estimates that the liquor consumed in the United States for the fiscal year and which paid duty amounted to \$600,000,000!!! The receipts from retail liquor dealers for license at \$25 each, amounted to \$3,650,000 showing that there are 146,000 retailers of tangle-leg!!! Now, the number who evade the same duty to the revenue department is notoriously large, and if the millions due to the

treasury were paid in, we should be forced to the conclusion that Uncle Sam, instead of being a water-drinker, is a mighty thirsty soul.

In reference to that portion of President Grant's Message in which he says—"I believe that the great Maker is preparing the world to become one great nation, speaking one language," the *London Saturday Review* in a spirit of anything but friendly remarks—"The modest tecturnity which has been popularly attributed to General Grant has apparently covered the wildest dreams of national aggrandizement. The Great Maker has often before been invoked for the sanction of ambition and lawless cupidity; but even the conquerors who have aimed at universal empire have never before announced their intention of simultaneously establishing a universal language. It seems that the American Union is to embrace the world, and that mankind is hereafter to speak only the Transatlantic dialect of English. The accomplishment of so marvellous a revolution would concern France and Germany and Italy more than England, which, as one of the humblest dependencies of the great Republic, will happily be able to understand and imperfectly to speak the dominant language of Bunkum." As far as language is concerned, all Americans can understand one another without effort, which all Englishmen cannot. We have no faith in President Grant's theory of the world becoming a single nation, but we do believe it is destined to become eventually an aggregation of republics.

Things are going to the dogs so fast in this country that according to the *Chronicle*, there is no apparent remedy but a repetition of Noah's Flood. This is the clever way in which it rises to that mournful climax—"The national debt is increasing; our national securities are declining in price abroad, and confidence in our financial system is on the wane. Our railroad bonds do not find a ready market in Europe. The balance of trade runs against us. One hundred thousand Americans are going abroad to spend a hundred million at Vienna. Our imports largely exceed our exports; gold has advanced to 118. Extravagance runs riot in the land, and we are impoverishing our country in the purchase of luxuries and gewgaws. We are living extravagantly and beyond our means. Monopolies are sweeping the foundations of our prosperity, and political profligacy is undermining the foundation of our government. Our statesmen are becoming corrupt, our office-holders venal and our Legislatures are easily bribed. Murder runs riot through the land. Our people are becoming demoralized; our women are, some of them, not as good as they ought to be; our preachers, some of them, are not as devout as in the olden time. Our children are fast and riotous. We have departed from the simplicity, economy and honesty of other days. The only remedy we can suggest is the Deluge. We respectfully submit that, as it proved a success once, it is worth a second experiment." The occurrence of such a calamity would make us sad, inasmuch as then San Francisco should lose the *Chronicle* and therefore half of its sensational reports.

England.

The frightful condition to which British folk-labor has reduced the great mass of its working people may be imagined from even the three facts hereinafter set forth. (1) The bold yeomanry which was England's pride, and which made her a mighty nation, has almost wholly disappeared. In its place, we have a class of sickly factory operatives who are working for starvation wages, and instead of advancing in civilization are rapidly retrograding into barbarism. (2) Millions of Englishmen because of the indigence to which the present British system reduced them, have been compelled to fly from their country, and seek on foreign shores the bread denied them at home. (3) So impoverished and depraved is the lower stratum of society in the great cities of England that thousands of inhuman mothers directly or indirectly sacrificed their children for the miserable pittance given them by the burial societies. An English statistician computes that at the lowest estimate, the number of deliberate child murders in the land of "Anglo-Saxon civilization" is thirty thousand!!! Comment on such brutality is unnecessary. Babylon is doomed.

A monster demonstration in favor of Amnesty took place in Hyde Park, London, on Sunday 23d of March. We have not received the mail account of the matter, but we may safely conjecture that Isaac Butt took the chair, that eloquent speeches were delivered, and that the subject of Home Rule came in for the highest commendation.

Here is a specimen of the English songs the collins sang round Newcastle:
Wiv a strawdawn av wanted a munch,
Annyw thrapple was ready to giun,
See av went five yellowish anther tenk a lunch,
But to reckunn, maw saul, was a bison.

The versatile Tom Mooney, in addressing a meeting of the British Democratic Association in London, read from his new pamphlet, *Who Owns the Land?* which he threatens to spread by the hundred thousand, some extracts to prove that all the lands of the United Kingdom should be free of rent, and held by the ancient right of "commonage." Therefore, the lands must be given back to the uses of the cultivators, and the landlords be improved into honest tenants.

The death is announced of Denis Canfield, of Manchester, late president of the Home Rule Association. He is regretted as a thorough nationalist, and a committee has been formed to see that his only child shall be placed in a respectable position.

The fallacy current among many misinformed persons that Ireland lives under the same law as England, is illustrated by this fact, as well as by a thousand others,—that if a number of dele-

gates in Ireland assemble in Convention for any purpose whatever, even for a benevolent one, all such delegates commit a grave infraction of the law, their meeting may be scattered by foot, horse, and artillery, and the men themselves be marched off to prison; while, in England, it is quite according to law, for men to do the same thing, and call on the civil authorities to support them in assembling peaceably together. A striking instance of this occurred in Sheffield on Saturday last. Not only was a Convention held there, but it was a Convention numerously attended of Republican delegates from all parts of England. The telegrams report that this legal Convention passed with acclamation the strongest of resolutions in favor of throwing Albert Edward overboard, and establishing a Republican form of Government. We can imagine what would be the consequence of a similar demonstration in Ireland.

The Home Rule movement appears to be making greater progress in England than in the country which it pretends to benefit. If it lead to something better, more advanced, and more practical, all will and good; if not, it will turn out another of the shams by which our people have been deluded. Meetings have been held in London, Nottingham, Halifax, Bristol, Wolverhampton, Walsall, Stockport, Bradford, Leeds, Glasgow, and other places. Much talk was indulged in, and considerable enthusiasm excited.

The distress among the families of the unemployed in South Wales is on the increase, and as many of those families are Irish, a Committee for their relief has been formed.

The American and British Claims Commission awarded \$50,000 last week. The Commission has already settled 259 cases.

A Tenant Right Bill for England is before the British Parliament. On which we make two observations—first, that it is strange English farmers should be reduced so low as to want such a bill at all, and secondly, that there will be a marked contrast between the provisions of the Irish Land Act and those of the English one.

A case was tried in Durham three weeks ago, which startled even England. The monster, Mary Anne Cotton, poisoned all her relations, her husband (more than once) and her children. She was found guilty of the murder of her last and youthful child, and will be hanged without exciting the pity of any.

Foreign News.

Besides the trouble naturally to be anticipated from the natives of Santo Domingo, the Samana Bay Company is promised a new occupation. A telegram from London last Monday states that the counsel for the foreign bondholders have opened communication with the new Samana Bay Company, with a view of bringing about an equitable arrangement of their claims on the Republic of Santo Domingo. A memorial covering the whole case has been forwarded to the Government of Santo Domingo.

The Cuban patriots have carried an important point on the east coast of the island. President Cespedes calculates on the certain establishment and recognition of the Republic before the lapse of many months.

Rev. Dr. Newman will be appointed Inspector of Consulates in Japan, China, and other Eastern countries.

Minister Mori of Japan has sailed for England.

Bonds amounting to \$17,000 have been attached in New York as the proceeds of the Bank of England forgeries.

This is how England means to resist the progress of Russia. She won't send on any army, but oh! She will a special envoy to protect her interests in the east!!! He accompanies the Khivan expedition (and according to the telegrams) is to "preserve intact the integrity of the territory of Great Britain and her allies."

Without interchange of protocols or declaration of war, the King of the Ashantees, has marched an army of 12,000 of the most savage of Africans across the frontier of her most gracious majesty's dominions in that hot quarter. The Earl of Kimberley admitted in the House of Lords the gravity of the situation could not explain the cause, but relied on the British cruisers on the coast to deal with the army. How those cruisers are to sail through a tropical jungle isn't explained. If England is not to be humiliated by a so-called black savage, she will have some employment for a portion of her army on that healthy coast. The King says the English shall give back some of the territory stolen from him.

GRAND COURTESY MATCH.—On Thursday evening the California Coursing Club met at their rooms on Summer street. There was a large attendance of members from all parts of the right Adams in the chair. The question of the shift to the fourth prize at their last meeting occupied considerable time and was ultimately postponed for further consideration. A challenge was then given by Mr. Lang of Susan, Solano county, to run his greyhound "Belle" against another for \$100 a side. The challenge was promptly accepted by Mr. Curry, and \$50 forfeit money was paid, the match to come off on the 23d, at Whitcombe ranch, eight miles from Sacramento. Another match was made by our friend, Mr. T. C. Brady to run his greyhound "Bird," imported from Dublin, against Mr. Orr's "Pat Sheridan" for a suit of clothes to cost \$100; the match to come off the same day and place as the former. The club is composed of gentlemen who enjoy real sport, and we look forward with impatience to the enjoyment of the occasion. Capt. Collier of the ship *Cormoran*, was present and invited the members to visit his ship, where he has two splendid thoroughbred English greyhounds, which many of the members

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SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 5, 1873.

Prospectus

-OF-

THE NATIONALIST,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

Published Every Saturday at No. 5 Post Street,
San Francisco,

-BY THE-

Nationalist Printing and Publishing
Company.

The friends of Ireland and the friends of universal freedom have long felt the want on this Coast of a newspaper which should rigorously exclude from its columns all matters not tending to the advocacy of their principles, the defense of their rights, the increase of their knowledge and numbers, the elevation of their sentiments and character, and the formation of an effective union among all sections, parties, creeds and classes of liberty-loving Irishmen and their allies.

To supply this want, as well as to contribute something towards the establishment of a Republic on Irish soil, and the spread of free institutions to every part of the earth, has the NATIONALIST been established. The importance of the work to be performed and the necessity of performing it well, has led to the joint-stock Company of Irishmen, Irish-Americans and others, with the title given above. This Company undertakes to publish the NATIONALIST in future, and pledges itself that this newspaper shall be distinguished by the following characteristics.

ITS MAIN OBJECT SHALL BE THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A REPUBLIC ON IRISH SOIL. As means towards that end, it will inculcate the necessity of a cordial union among all sections of Irishmen, irrespective of creed, race or locality; the advisability of forgiving and forgetting past differences; the need that exists for harmony among the different organizations of Irishmen; the fatality of expecting Irish liberty from other sources than Irish arms in Irish hands; the duty that is incumbent on Irish-Americans to sympathize with and assist brothers at home; and the most efficient mode of rendering that assistance most conducive to its intended object.

2. It will advocate the cause of all oppressed peoples, and the right of every nation to its own autonomy.

3. It will favor the spread of Republicanism and free institutions among all nations, and oppose aristocracy and monarchy by every honorable means at its disposal.

4. In religion it will be strictly neutral, excluding from its columns all references to religious and sectarian subjects. This is believed to be not only expedient, but necessary, as religious differences have been the bane of many generations of Irishmen.

5. Sectionalism, or ignorant prejudices arising among men because of their coming from different parts of Ireland, shall be discontinued, and its criminality exposed.

6. No line of the NATIONALIST shall ever be devoted to indulgence in unfriendly personalities. When, however, the principles of Irish nationality or of American republicanism are attacked the attack shall be vigorously repelled.

7. In the politics of the City of San Francisco and of the State of California, the NATIONALIST shall be strictly neutral, regarding party affiliations as no cause for making any man a friend or an enemy.

8. It will also be neutral but friendly in its treatment of the internal affairs of the United States, but in reference to the foreign policy of the country, it will hold itself thoroughly independent.

9. A speciality will be made of giving publicity to all matters of interest to the Irish societies and military companies of the City and of the State.

10. The Labor Movement and the respective rights and obligations of Workingmen and Capitalists shall receive that attention which their great importance demands.

No effort shall be spared to make the NATIONALIST a first-class weekly. Able correspondents from Dublin, New York, St. Louis, Sydney and other important points, have promised their best assistance. The latest Irish and other European intelligence shall be given, interesting news from all lands shall find a place, Californian and local matters shall receive due attention, the business, farming and manufacturing interests of the coast shall not be lost sight of; original Essays and reviews of current literature shall be made a speciality, and the whole will, it is expected, prove our paper mindful of the past, alive to the present, and watchful for the future. The main object of this undertaking being the Union of Irishmen with a view towards Irish Independence, all the obstacles which might impede that union have been, as far as possible, removed, so that the NATIONALIST might furnish a platform broad enough to give standing room to all genuine lovers of liberty. Among the stockholders of this Company are representatives of almost all the Irish organizations of California, whether revolutionary, benevolent, literary, or military. While we rely on our future performance rather than on our present promises, while we believe enough to our competence, as well as determined, to repel the attacks of all enemies of our cause, and while we acknowledge having already received generous support, we yet invite the cordial co-operation of all to enable us to make the NATIONALIST take a front-rank place among the newspapers devoted to the service of Ireland and Liberty.

The most gallant man ever heard of is one who refrained from kicking a dog that had bitten him, because it was a female dog. "If I wasn't for your sex," said he, "I'd kick your

Wit and Humor.

The president of a debating society out West lately decided that the "Milk of human kindness" meant milk punch with nutmeg in it.

The lady who knit her brows has commenced a pair of socks.

Why is it impossible for a watch that indicates the smallest divisions of time ever to be new? Because it must always be a second hand one.

FRENCHY—A Frenchman having heard the phrase "I've got other fish to fry," very readily learned his application. One evening after escorting a lady home, and being invited to walk in, he excused himself by saying: "I thank you, Madame, I must cook some fish."

An Irish paper advertiser for sale "a perfect lady's home." We don't care about the horse, but the perfect lady would be worth the having.

An engine stoker's knowledge of punctuation is sufficiently illustrated by the fact of his putting the coal-on to prevent a full stop.

Here is how a Yankee boy showed his friend the way to be practically witty. The friend set a cheese before the boy, but gave him no knife. "This is a funny cheese, Uncle Joe, but where shall I cut it?" "O, said the grinning friend, cut it where you like." "Very well," said the Yankee, coolly putting it under his arm, "guess I had best cut it at home."

We know a man down East whose hearing was so hard that he broke it up and sold it for gun flints.

The words that "fall" from an orator's mouth were taken up unharmed, and attached to those that "hung on his lips."

To be learned in the Dead Languages is very good, but to speak the Living is often better.

To be well posted in most history is essential, but to be well posted in the present is more so.

Lower tells a story of an Irishman giving the pass word at the battle of Fontenoy, at the time the great Saxe was Marshal:

"The pass word is Saxe: now don't forget it Pat," said the Colonel.

"Saxe is it, Sir! faith an' I won't forget: Wasn't me father a miller?"

When he came to be challenged, "Who goes there," he looked as confidential as possible; and whispered, "Bogus my boy."

That blunder, however, didn't prevent him from being soon after in the sack (of a city).

What is a pawnbroker? A chess player who cheekmates society with a pawn. Does he give any entertainment in honor of his business? Yes: three balls. No jinnors? None; with him it is Lent all the year round.

Bread is the staff of life, and liquors the stilts—the former sustaining a man, and the latter elevating him for a fall.

A pert young lawyer once boasting that he had received a hundred dollars for speaking in a certain lawsuit, another member of the bar replied, "I received double that sum for keeping silent in that very case."

A man who marries the lady he adores is joined to his idol.

For the benefit of those who are anxious to lay their eyes on a tip top Hoozier love letter, we pull from a drawer where it has lain for years the following sample:

"My Dear Mrs. M.—Every time I think of you my heart flaps up and down like a churn-dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats on a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of linen trousers. As a goading swimmer with delight in a mud-puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture, thicker than the hairs of a blacking-brush and brighter than the hues of a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers; and, borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like a pointer snapping at a bit-bottled dog. What I first beheld your angelic perfection, I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble bee under a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like cellar doors in a country town, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infection of love as a thirsty man swallows a tumbler of hot whisky punch."

"Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my boot-strings to the top of the church steeple, and pull the bell-rope for singing school. Day and night you are in my thoughts, powdered with gold; and the brass pins skewered through your waterfall fill me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat. Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see legions of little Cupids bathing, like a cohort of ants in an old army cracker. When their fire hit me upon my manly breast it penetrated my whole anatomy as a load of bird-shot through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paw; and myriads of unfledged kisses are there, ready to fly out and light somewhere, like blue-birds out of their parents' nest."

"I am dying to fly to thy presence, and pour out the burning eloquence of my love as thrifty housewives pour out hot coffee. Sometimes I can hear the June bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizard of despair crawling down my back."

"My love for you is stronger than the smell of Coffey's patent-butter or the kick of a young cow, and more useful than a kitten's first catechism. As a song-bird hankers for the light of the day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a mean pup hankers for new milk, so I long for thee."

"You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses, brighter than a top-knot plume on the head of a Muscovy duck. You are candy, kisses, raisins, pound-cake and sweetened toddy all together."

"If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of your soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker on a cherry tree, or a stage-horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passions, I will pine away like a poisoned bed-bug, and fall victim from a thousand vine of life, an untimely branch; and in the coming years, when the shadows grow from the hills, and the philosophical frog sings his cheerful evening hymns, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and catch a cold upon the last resting place of yours, affectionately, H. J."

Meaner rather to their eyes than to their ears, the effect of pomp is therefore slow and tedious, whilst that of example is summary and effectual.

Italy is now entering the market as a ship-builder. She builds excellent vessels, as is reported, at \$75 per ton, and of her superior oak timber.

THE GREEN, WHITE AND GOLD.

Air—The Red, White and Blue.

In the soft blooming vales of our country
Three colors shine brightest of all,
On moorland, on mountain, and meadow,
On cottage and old castle wall.
They shine in the gay summer garden,
And glint in the depths of the wold,
And they gleam on the banner of Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold!
To the fresh winds of Freedom outrolled!
May they gleam on the banner of Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

In the days of Fomorian and Fenian
Our colors flashed bright in the ray,
And their gleam kept the fierce Roman eagles
In Roman-conquered Britain at bay.
When Con fought his hundred red battles,
And the lightning struck Dathi of old,
As he bore through Helvetia's wild gorges
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold!
May they flourish again as of old,
May they wave o'er new Fenian legions
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Up many a grim breach of glory,
Up many a fierce battle tide,
Waving high o'er the red-gleaming surges
Our colors swept on in their pride;
From the day when triumphant they fluttered
O'er the legions of Brian the Bold,
Till with Sarsfield they streamed down the
Shannon,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold!
To the free winds of heaven outrolled,
May they gleam on the banner of Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

In those dark days of doom and disaster,
Is it dead—the old love for our land?
Are our hearts less brave than our fathers?
Comes the sword with less debt to our hand?
No! We've proved it the wide world o'er
In all lands where war's surges have rolled,
And we'll raise it triumphant in Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Then, hurrah for the Green, White and Gold!
May they flourish again as of old,
May we see them triumphant in Ireland,
Our Colors—the Green, White and Gold!

Few men know the force of habit. A cobweb—a thread—a twine—a rope—a cable. Venture not upon the first, the last is nearly past human effort to sunder.

DR. CHARLES H. TOZER'S

PRIVATE

Medical Institute

N. E. Corner of Jackson and Kearny Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Great Exterminator of Special Complaints,
Formerly of Locke Hospital, London, eight
years in Sacramento, and the last ten
years in San Francisco.

DR. TOZERS

Experience is of forty years standing, and during that time has met with unparalleled success in the treatment of all those diseases generally known as
Venereal or Chronic.

It is impossible here to mention all the diseases with which he is familiar; but, perhaps, will not be out of place, the most formidable, the most destructive to mankind is Self-Abuse. The brain being the seat of the disease the whole system suffers in consequence. I will here enumerate some of the symptoms, so that those afflicted may be able to form an opinion in regard to their complaints, and seek advice in time, thereby saving themselves a world of suffering. Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Pain in the Limbs and Back, Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Limbs, Headache, and an aversion to the general society, especially that of females. There are a great many more, but these are sufficient, and should you be suffering from any of them, call on Dr. Tozer, and he will cure you in a short time, without any interruption in your business—or state your case by letter, and there will be no occasion for your calling at the office.

Stricture of the Urethra.
Is another formidable enemy to health. Send for one of my circulars on that disease, and inform yourself of its terrible results. The worst cases cured in a few days.

Veneral Diseases.
In all their various forms, either Primary, Secondary or Hereditary, completely eradicated from the system. Your constitution being restored to perfect health, there will be no danger of handing down to your children that terrible disease known as Scrofula.

Syphilitic Disease.
As it presented itself on this coast, is of a more formidable character than that seen in the Atlantic States. Europe, arising from the fact of its being a compound Spanish, Chinese and Sandwich Island disease. Those who have visited the two latter countries, doubtless have seen the dreadful effects of it on both the native and foreign population. It requires altogether different modes of treatment. After devoting to the practice of his profession and the successful treatment of Chronic Diseases.

Forty Years of his Life.
He determined to retire from his profession and devote the remainder of his days to the quiet enjoyment of private life; but the constant applications from the suffering everywhere, calling him to their relief, finally determined to visit once more the scene of his early triumphs, Lock Hospital, and to spend a year within its wards in familiarizing himself with all the

New Methods
Of treatment in that celebrated institution and then devote a few more years of his life to the alleviation of suffering humanity. He is again located at his old office, corner of Jackson and Kearny Streets, San Francisco, where, for ten years previous, his practice as a Specialist resulted in the cure of all cases brought under his care. The Doctor's motto is: "Honorable and successful treatment and moderate charges to all."

Monthly Restorative Pills.
Were never known to fail in giving relief in the cases for which they were recommended, and are to be obtained only at my office. Price Five Dollars, with full directions on each box. Sent by mail or express.

For Correspondents.
Patients either residing in any part of the country, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of DR. TOZER, can, by submitting a written statement of the case to the Doctor, receive all the attention and medicine necessary to effect a cure, without the necessity of a personal interview.

All letters strictly confidential, opened and answered only by the Doctor himself.
Consultation, at the office, by letter, FREE.

DR. CHAS. H. TOZER,
Corner of Kearny and Jackson Streets,
San Francisco.

Entrance on Kearny St. Je-1-1f.

PRATT'S

ABOLITION OIL!

The unprecedented success of this GREAT FAMILY REMEDY, and the universal satisfaction given by it in all cases, are the legitimate results of its intrinsic merits. KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE—BE YOUR OWN DOCTOR.

PRATT'S ABOLITION OIL is good at all times, reliable at all times, applicable at all times; gives relief more speedily in all cases of internal and external aches and pains than any other remedy in use. Just as sure as you use it according to directions, just so surely will it cure you.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Pains in the Side, Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs and Colds, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Lame Back, Gout, Pleurisy, Pains in the Loins, Stiff Joints, Sore Throat, Toothache, Felons, Swollen Joints, Earache, Lumbago, Diarrhoea, Swellings, Contracted Cords, Pains in the Breast, and all internal and external aches and pains. Ask your druggist for PRATT'S ABOLITION OIL, and take no substitute.

PRICE.

Small Size.....Fifty Cents
Large Size.....One Dollar

FOR SALE BY ALL

Druggists and Dealers.

PRATT'S

NEW LIFE!

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER AND L. BRINVIGORATOR IN THE WORLD. PURELY VEGETABLE.

Prepared from fresh Shaker roots and herbs. Cures all disorders arising from impure blood. Restores the Tone and Vigor of the System.

PRICE.

Per Bottle.....One Dollar

For Sale by

ALL DRUGGISTS.

PRATT'S

Vocal Stimulants!

For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and all Bronchial Complaints. They are carefully and thoroughly medicated, free from all nauseating and deleterious ingredients, and are as effective as well as a pleasant remedy. Mothers pronounce them invaluable for children in cases of Whooping Cough and Croup; they act directly on the pulmonary organs, without deranging the stomach or constipating the bowels. To Singers and Public Speakers they are indispensable, as they lubricate the vocal organs, and prevent all irritation of the mucous membrane.

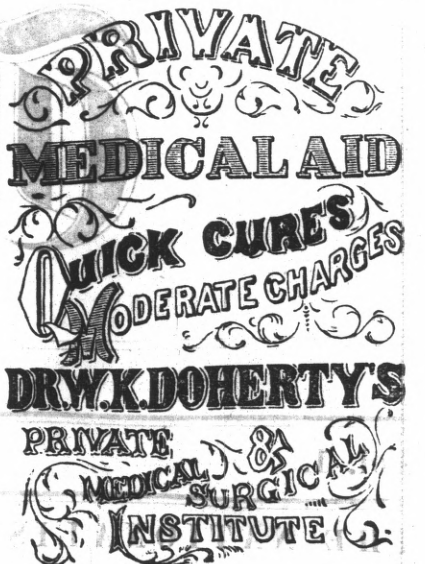
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Manufacturers and Sole Proprietors for all the above named valuable Preparations. Jy4-1f



No. 519 Sacramento Street, corner of Leidesdorff street, (a few doors below the What Cheer House.) Private entrance on Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the Afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of secrecy, and all sexual disorders.

TO THE APPLICANT.
DR. W. K. DOHERTY RETURNS HIS SINCERE thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of CHRONIC DISEASES OF THE LUNGS, LIVER, KIDNEYS, DIAPHRAGM AND GENITO-URINARY ORGANS, and all private diseases, viz: STYPHILIS, in all its forms and stages; GONORRHOEA, and all the horrible consequences of self-abuse; GONORRHOEA, GLEET, STRICTURES, NOCTURNAL AND DIURNAL EMISSIONS, SYPHILITIC DEBRILITY, DISEASES OF THE BACK AND LOINS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER AND KIDNEYS, etc., etc.; and he hopes his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By the practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He cures without mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment and implicit secrecy.

DR. DOHERTY would call attention to the following certificates, from two of his patients who having fully recovered their health, desire to make known their medical agent. It will be seen their statements are fully authenticated by a Notary Public.

The welfare of society imperiously demands their publicity, and they are given more to warn the unwary than to sound the praises of a Physician, of whom hundreds of like cases can be cited, during a practice of more than twenty years.

A CASE OF GLEET AND STRICTURE.

DR. DOHERTY—Dear Sir: I feel my health so fully restored that, in common gratitude, I believe I should make you some written acknowledgment, for your fee was small for the work performed.

I arrived in this city from the East about one year ago, and was then suffering from an old case of Gleet, complicated with Stricture. Being a stranger in the city, and believing that those doctors who gave such positive assurances of success were necessarily the best, I placed myself in their charge, and continued under their treatment until I had lost nearly all hope and a considerable sum of money.

I wish to say now that you are the sixth doctor I have employed, and the only one that has ever done me any service. My Gleet is wholly cured, the Stricture is all removed, and my general health is better than it has been for years.

In conclusion, I would say to the many unfortunate who require medical advice, if you have any doubts as to whom you should employ, ask DR. DOHERTY for my address, and call and see me. (I keep a store in this city.) My experience may save you many dollars.

I would also add that in the early stage of my disease, I used a large amount of the preparations of Dr. Doherly, but I found them to be of no service. I was then advised by a friend to consult with Dr. Doherly, and I did so. From 1855 to the summer of 1863, I employed the very best medical talent I could find, and spent several hundred dollars, but in no instance obtained more than temporary relief. I had about concluded there was no relief for me in this world, when I read of Dr. DOHERTY'S card. I thought I should call and see him, as he charged nothing for consultation. I had an interview with the doctor in his office, in Sacramento street, and his fee for treatment was so reasonable, I determined to try him, though I did not expect much benefit from his treatment. On the 15th of December last I placed myself under his care; in one week I found myself very much improved, and now, after five weeks treatment, I feel thoroughly cured of all my troubles, and in the enjoyment of the best of health. Hoping that my experience may be of benefit to others similarly afflicted, I subscribe myself,

JAMES JOHNSON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day of January, A. D., 1864.

A. G. RANDALL, Notary Public.

(L. S.)

SEMINAL WEAKNESS—A SWORN-TO CERTIFICATE OF MOST REMARKABLE CURE OF SPERMATORRHOEA.

A desire to benefit suffering humanity, and a feeling of gratitude to DR. W. K. DOHERTY, induce me to make this statement. For many years I had been afflicted with that fearful disease known as "Spermatorrhea" or Seminal Weakness, the result of self-abuse, but till 1855 experienced but little trouble or inconvenience. In that year, however, I had Seminal Weakness to a fearful extent, which was soon followed by the most alarming symptoms, as weakness of the head, nervousness and general debility. My mind, too, was affected to such an extent as to seriously impair my memory; my ideas were confused and spirits depressed. I was unable to society, had evil forebodings and self-distrust, and was entirely unfitted for any of the duties of life. From 1855 to the summer of 1863, I employed the very best medical talent I could find, and spent several hundred dollars, but in no instance obtained more than temporary relief. I had about concluded there was no relief for me in this world, when I read of Dr. DOHERTY'S card. I thought I should call and see him, as he charged nothing for consultation. I had an interview with the doctor in his office, in Sacramento street, and his fee for treatment was so reasonable, I determined to try him, though I did not expect much benefit from his treatment. On the 15th of December last I placed myself under his care; in one week I found myself very much improved, and now, after five weeks treatment, I feel thoroughly cured of all my troubles, and in the enjoyment of the best of health. Hoping that my experience may be of benefit to others similarly afflicted, I subscribe myself,

JAMES JOHNSON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day of January, A. D., 1864.

A. G. RANDALL, Notary Public.

(L. S.)

TO FEMALES.

When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive functions, general debility, vaginitis, all diseases of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute and consult him about her troubles and disease. The Doctor is effecting more cures than any other Physician in the State of California. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferings and premature death. All Married Ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. W. K. DOHERTY'S Medical Institute, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The doctors offices are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients male or female residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of Dr. Doherly in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself (including the remedies,) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the letter or parcel transmitted.

Consultations at the office or by letter, FREE. Permanent cures guaranteed or no pay. Address, DR. W. K. DOHERTY, M. D., 519 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DR. DOHERTY'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

DR. DOHERTY has published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotence, Sterility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhea, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the sexual organs. It is a valuable work, and is sent by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps for return postage. Address, DR. W. K. DOHERTY, M. D., 519 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Cal.

W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,

San Francisco, Cal.

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 5, 1873.

My Patrick's Days in Ireland, in Prison and in Exile.

(Written by T. G. Luby.)

When, during my brief visit to America, in 1863, for the first time, I witnessed a Patrick's Days celebration in New York, I must own that I was very deeply impressed with the imposing aspect of the pageant. And even now, while I am fully aware that much of the Irish patriotism that, every year on the festive anniversary of our patron saint, is paraded through the streets of this city and finds vent after nightfall in gushing oratory inspired by convivial potations at the banquet table, is at once hollow-hearted and, in the real sense of the word, ephemeral, I still think that there is nothing calculated to dilute the imagination with so large and so vivid, and at the same time so just, an idea of the tremendous elements of power, which the Irish in America would be able to wield, could those elements only be brought out of their present chaotic state and combined in a system of unity and order, as a Patrick's Day celebration in New York. In fact, when, on the Patrick's Day of '63, I looked in astonishment at the multitudinous procession of stalwart Irishmen, as—

"Yet, more and more forever—still they sweep in pomp along."

Till I asked me "can the desert" (Broadway) "hold no vast a muster throng?"

And the still greater crowds of spectators on the sidewalks and in the windows (the majority of whom, I was told, were Irish) I could not refrain from saying to myself exultingly, "Have we not here a vast Irish nation within the American nation? And what could not be accomplished by this new Irish nation in America, if only they had a leader, or leaders, with sufficient intellect and force of will to fuse its present incohesive elements into one mighty mass of union irresistible?"

My two next Patrick's Days I spent in the old island of our love and sorrow; and, on each of these succeeding anniversaries, my hopes for Ireland, and the hopes of all true Irishmen as well, were brightening fast. It seemed as if the day was at length rapidly approaching when the two Irish nations, so to speak, were about to combine their giant might for the final deliverance of the much-enduring land of their fathers; for the overflow of the hoary tyranny that for seven hundred weary, galling years had mocked and baffled and crushed the energies of the fiery Gael; for the summing up, by trumpet-blast and battle-roar, to appear on the historic stage the predestined chivalrous and long procession of the years of Ireland's independence, blessed with prosperity and radiant with renown.

But alas! on the night of the 15th of September, '65, the Government struck the first blow at our national movement. That night a number of arrests were made. Many of those (who had hoped the highest and strongest for Ireland) myself among them, from 1865 on, spent many a joyless year of suffering and ignominy in the prison-cells and on the public works of various British convict establishments. Six times I spent Christmas and New Year's in penal servitude. At the approach of these and other anniversaries, on which most human beings through wide Christendom, even those of harsher nature, who boast the possession of but little of the milk of human kindness, are wont to manifest a more genial and more indulgent feeling, than they ordinarily do, towards their dependents and even enemies—as such days, sacred to gentleness and good-will, drew near, that precious Governor of Portland, Mr. George Clifton, who was my jailor during the greater portion of my convict life, and most of his equally many subordinates would show their peculiar British good taste and good feeling—in short, the characteristic magnanimity of free-born Britons, by suddenly "putting on the screw," as we phrased it, in other words, by specially harassing us for some days with rigorous reports and cruel punishments, such as solitary confinement and bread and water.

At best, the coming round of these anniversaries, while our imprisonment lasted, was sure to call up in our minds a brood of tormenting memories and reflections, the bitterness of which was well-nigh intolerable. But it was a refinement of exquisite and ingenious cruelty, worthy almost of friends, to commence persecuting us in an especial manner, as those hallowed seasons, immemorially consecrated in all Christian countries to piety or innocent enjoyment, or both, approached. This Satanic device so aggravated the bitterness of the contrast between the memories of such times of festivity, spent in peculiar happiness at home, and the real, palpable horrors of our actual condition, as to intensify fourfold our immediate sense of wretchedness and woe. A reference to the records of Portland prison, unless the books have been tampered with since our liberation, would bear out the assertion which I make, that, almost invariably about Christmas time and Easter (the Christmas of 1870, which was only a few days before our release, was naturally exceptionally free from this peculiar feature of our treatment), reports and punishments of members of the so-called Fenian party would suddenly become more frequent than they had been for some weeks previously.

I remember endeavoring, by significant hints, to convey some notion of this peculiarity of the Governor's way of treating us in one of the letters, which the prison regulations allowed me to write home. The Governor, however, took care to erase some of the most pointed phrases. On another occasion, when brought before him on a report, I taunted him with this unpardonable feature in his treatment of us. In spite of all his efforts to hide it, he was unable to avoid showing a certain amount of mortification and wounded vanity (his vanity surpassed that of a woman; indeed at times it was a slight check on his caprice and cruelty), at what I said to him. I do not think we were so markedly and uniformly persecuted when Patrick's Day would come round as when the other anniversaries, I have referred to, drew near. During the March of '67, indeed, some of us were villainously treated; but I do not think the bad treatment had special reference to its being a specially festive time with Irishmen. Possibly the Governor's English ignorance of Irish ideas rendered him unconscious of the extent of Irishmen's reverence for the festival of their Patron Saint and the amount of pleasant memories associated with it in their minds. Indeed, without any special enmity for the Fenians, Clifton and his subordinate scoundrels, and even independent of the generally exceptional severity of March weather in Portland (in March, '67, we were on several days exposed in the quarries, without cover, to rain, sleet, snow, and the keen, cutting northeast wind blowing every three or four minutes in a sudden gust through our scantily-clad bodies, and making us shiver and shiver with the intense cold, I

say the jovial and patriotic souvenirs of past Patrick's Days, rising up in the midst of our dreary surroundings, rendered the anniversary of Ireland's Apostle not the least painful of those days of mental agony, superadded to physical pain, that so often brought home to each man's heart of hearts the line—

"This is truth, the poets sing—

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

I spent my first Patrick's Day after being released from prison happily enough in that free and prosperous little country, Belgium, which, not greatly more than one-third of the size of our own native island, presents us with such a striking illustration of the blessings that follow in the footsteps of national independence. But it was last year that I spent, perhaps, the pleasantest Patrick's Day of my entire life among our genial countrymen of sunny Savannah. The six Irish societies of that city did me the honor to invite me down to deliver that year's Patrick's Day oration. This, I believe, was the first occasion on which all the Irish societies of Savannah had acted in concert. In fact, it was with a view to bringing about the united action of those several clubs that I was invited down to Georgia.

Nothing could be more harmonious than their action during the week I was among them. The best feeling prevailed. It was an admirable example of the practicability of inducing different bodies of Irishmen, when properly handled, to work harmoniously together, and of the good effects that follow from united action. Nothing could be more admirable than the whole display—the procession through the streets was most impressive, the audience that crowded the theatre to hear my address, both in numbers and in demeanor, was everything I could desire. The banquets, for there were two, were well managed and jovial. The Irish national sentiment, for the time at least, was in the ascendant. Though the object of these six Irish clubs was not directly connected with the Irish struggle, yet I have little doubt, from the amount of Irish feeling and spirit that breathed through them all, that if a real crisis took place in national affairs at home in Ireland, holding out some reasonable promise of the restoration of our lost independence, they would all give effective aid to the good old cause. Indeed, in certain contingencies, there is hardly a Irish organization in America that would prove of more or less utility to those struggling for Irish independence. Hence, it is a duty incumbent on Irishmen to encourage Irish organizations in America as much as possible. Before dismissing the subject of the Irishmen of Savannah, I wish to place on record my gratitude to them for their kindness to me personally. I have visited few places in America where I received equally handsome treatment—no place where I was entertained, as far as I can see, with more genuine kindness.

I intended to make several other reflections on St. Patrick's Day processions in America, but I must postpone them till next week. I shall then endeavor to show that, contrary to an opinion held by many, they are decidedly useful in keeping up an Irish national spirit. Meanwhile I wish to add, before I conclude, that I still fondly look forward to see, ere I die, (and can there be a true Irishman who does not feel a similar longing?) a celebration of Patrick's Day far grander than any of those taking place this year, or any other year, in the lunatic asylum of America that I have described, nay I might almost say thousands of miles from the New York celebration, with all its imposing vastness. This celebration of our national festival will, I trust, before many years, take place in Dublin, in College green, where the old Volunteers of '92 paraded, and throughout the other cities and towns of Ireland; with the sacred sunburst overhead, amid the thunder of joyous salutes of artillery, the shouts of freed and triumphant millions; in a word, the roar of liberated Ireland. Or imagine a celebration on the banks of the Boyne; the North and South meeting, not in war, as in past times, but in friendship and brotherhood on the banks of the river no longer ensanguined with the blood of mutually destroying Irishmen; the old enemies, once two nations on the same soil; now at long one nation, burying all accursed fratricidal feuds and "breathing united force" henceforth and forever!

My Vengeance.

A western friend sends us the following yarn, but doesn't say whether he spun it himself, found it, or stole it. This is how he begins:—

"I always get my bit of midday sustenance at the opposition show-room—Absalom J. Runt's—for I can't be seen to Slobbs' for months. If you'd like to know why 'wal' or whether or not I'll tell you. It's because some of our boys have mortally grand ideas of Derringers and Bowies, and they don't take kindly yet to the sheriff and the committee of vigilance. We're a rising city, though at West Paraisa; and what we shall be in a few years there ain't no tellin' at all. You see, the great 'P' clifline goes through it started. There ain't a city out West with more bars where you can have a smile or a morning painter; if there is, tell me on it. Then see what imitations we've got rising fast, from Nathan D. Anson's store, right down to the Paraisa Solid Milk and Butter Company in Cross street, number ten under 'em, as p'r'aps you know; Absalom J. Runt's is in Straight street, and there's a mortal enemy between them two. It's the steam does it, I think. I left off going to Slobbs' because I thought it was good for me, bein' a very mild, inoffensive sort of a fellow. You see there was a waiter at Slobbs' as had a sort of spite agen me, and he'd always give me the worst cuts of the beef and the fattest of the mutton; while as to gravy, I got more gravy at Runt's in one day than them Slobbses let me have in a week. Then I allus had the 'wettest salt and the staled bread and the dirtiest bit of tablecloth; and if there was a knife as had broke loose and turned round in the haft, that knife was put for me. We didn't like one another—me and the waiter didn't—and we got more and more enemies every day, till I see very plain as there must be a bust soon. I kept it in, though, for I thought as something might turn up, so as to let me serve Mr. Waiter out by deppity."

There was another thing, too, as I didn't like at Slobbs'; only it wasn't a thing, it was a metaphorical, of course, I mean; for he was allus mocking like my humble 'ways; and if ever I ordered my glass of anything, he'd rear instanter for the waiter and call for a bottle. He made himself very unpleasant to me he did, and snubbed me on politics more than a few; but I let it all wait. I saved it up as you may suppose, with him; but I never seemed to get no change till about a week after Slobbs' came out strong with a new set of J. Puddick's Alabama Lecturer Plate; warranted to wear better than solid silver. But even the sight of 'em spoons didn't settle me, and I wasn't going to be

tempted into stopping, when Runt's had their doors open to have me, and there was gravy and welcum."

This citizen as allus sot on me was washed in with the name of Shimei—Shimei B. Parsons was his total—and his people made some cuss of a mistake or another over his name, I bet, or else they'd never ha' took to this one. We got to the climax, we did; and I left without a word, after serving 'em both on pleasant-like. It was like this. I'd had a bit of the toughest old steak I ever did stick teeth in since I chawed caw-chaw at school, and got leathery for it; and after I'd been puzzling my teeth with that bit of steak for half an hour, who should come in but Shimei; and the first thing he does is to hang his greatast ever the mill where I was sitting, knock down my felt hat, and then laugh fearin'-like, at me, I never says nothing; but that there was tougher than the steak, and I couldn't swallow it a bit; but there I sits with that coat touching of me, and the waiter half grinning at me to see me so uncomfortable. "I reckon I'd like to chaw the couple on yer up," I thinks to myself; and then somehow, while I was a-balancing one of J. Puddick's Alabama Lecturer Plate Spoons on my finger, I let it slip into one o'er my friend opposite's coat-pocket; when thinking as the poor thing might be cold all alone there by itself, I slips in another to keep it company. "I shouldn't wonder if that there coat was to hang lopsided after that," thinks I to run myself, and while my neighbor was a-running his eye down the columns of the West Paraisa Tribune, I just slips a couple of forks into the other pocket, and then waits a little while till my fren the waiter condescends to take the bill; after which I waits a bit longer for decency sake, and then I gets up to go.

I finds my fren the waiter just outside the swing-doors, lookin' at me very superciliously like, and I says to him: "Nice sorter gent that in Box No. 7."

"Very," he says shortly. "Them's a nice set of J. Puddick's Alabama Lecturer Plate too."

"Yes," he says, "looking at me quite curus, as much as to say: 'What's up the tree now?'"

"I shall we charge them forks and spoons in his bill?" I says. "Charge what forks and spoons in whose bill?" he says, savage like. "Oh, I don't know—don't ask me," I says; "only I thought he might pay for them as is in his pocket."

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English Freedom.

A brave British soldier, when at home in Old England, is not allowed to wear a beard. To grow a beard is becoming, to others it is annoying. None, however, fully like to have foreordination so completely do away with free will in the matter of his own whiskers. Recently a regiment of the Twentieth Hussars returned home from India. It was winter and cold, raw weather. The men had their throats protected by beards and were in moderate good health. On arriving they became subject to the cutting regulations mentioned. Their regimental surgeon accordingly interceded, and the men themselves pleaded that the rule might not be enforced upon people who had just returned from so different a climate. It was no use, however; the law is inexorable, and the beards disappeared by order. Immediately bronchitis, sore throats, and other troubles fell upon them; and I was considerably disturbed, too. Some of them wrote anonymously to the Duke of Cambridge and suggested that it did not seem very fair that when a regiment of warm climate men were made to have in England in winter, the two cousins of the Queen, the Duke himself, and Prince Edward, who had not been in India, were yet permitted to wear their beards as they chose. The Duke did not make use of his privilege, and to settle the matter easiest, ordered Prince Edward to abandon it likewise and shave. This he refused to do, and the matter has been referred to the Queen. Meanwhile the members of the Twentieth Hussars are getting up a great reputation for indeliberate courage, and their fellow soldiers will tremble before them in the next sham fight at Wimbledon.

REAL COURTESY.—Is widely different from the courtesy which blooms in the sunshine of love, and the smile of beauty, but withers and cools down in the atmosphere of poverty, age and toil. Show us the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age; who can hold cheerful converse with one whom years have deprived of charms; show us the man of generous impulses, who is always ready to help the poor and needy; show us the man who treats the unprotected servant maid, as he would the rich heiress, surrounded by the protection of rank, riches and family; show us the man who never forgets for an instant the dignity, the respect that is due to a woman in any condition or class; show us such a man, and you show me a gentleman. Such men never travel in the street cars.—*Amos*

HAPPINESS.—True happiness is of a retired nature; it arises in the first place from an enjoyment of oneself, and in the next from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. False happiness seeks the crowd and wishes to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She desires to receive any satisfaction from the applause which she gives, but from the admiration she raises in others.—*Amos*

A boy with two tongues is astonishing the people of Newport, Ind. One is quite enough. A Buffalo paper announces that, by the recent burning of an ice-house there, 20,000 tons of ice were "reduced to ashes."

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he will attend to them on arrival, and forward them

with due care to their destination.

A Library is attached to the house for the use of its

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THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 5, 1873.

OUR PAPER.

Wanted, Immediately.
The Friends of Ireland, and the Friends of Universal Freedom, to subscribe for

THE NATIONALIST,

The antagonist of everything Sectarian or Sectional, the Denouncer of Humbug and Fraud, the Friend of Monarchy and Tyranny, the Friend of Republicanism and Free Institutions, the Champion of IRISH RIGHTS and the Rights of Humanity.

To make this Journal what it can become—a credit to the people for whom it is written—EXTENSIVE PATRONAGE is needed. Therefore, send in your Subscriptions and Advertisements at once, and make your friends do likewise to No. 5 Post street.

Answers to Correspondents.

T. H. DUGAN, Granvilleville.—The encouragement you give in your letter is most gratifying. That among the Sierras and beyond them there should be so many sterling Irish nationalists is something to give us renewed vigor for the work before us. Every earnest man can do something to help on the cause. The papers have been sent as requested, and will be continued regularly. From the exertions of yourself and friends, we expect the formation of additional clubs. We will adhere closely to the principles laid down in our Prospectus, and as to the rest we are more anxious to make the NATIONALIST a live paper than to promise anything about it. Write again.

K. J.—You will see something of what you want in an article in another column from the pen of Thomas Clarke Luby. More from him on the same subject next week.

PAJABONIAN.—The matter of which you complained respecting the neglect of the duly authorized "push things" shall be attended to in about four weeks. Notice of the particular day shall be sent you by letter. Meantime clear the road. After that, you'll find out who among the nationalists are workers, and who only talkers.

T. D. B., Virginia City.—The papers were sent to your former address. If the NATIONALIST is not regularly at the P. O., let us know of it. Glad to hear from you always. The manuscript you speak of shall be forwarded if you want it. The organization you refer to is making unexpected progress.

M. MURPHY, Oswego.—Letter received. Get up a club. Answer soon.

J. J. C.—The typographical errors you point out occurred by mistake; the compositor by overlooking a proof sheet.

A. O. H.—The names of all State officers shall appear next week. If there should be any error or omission, we will gladly rectify it on receipt of correct information.

THE CIVIL POWER.

We very rarely estimate at their true value the blessings which we have been in the habit of constantly enjoying. If for example one is consigned to prison on any charge, we think it a mere matter of course to get out a writ of habeas corpus by virtue of which he must be produced in court, and the charges against him stated. Yet to secure this simple but inestimable right required a struggle of centuries, and it was yielded at last on the field of Runmede only because King John was powerless before the united strength of the Barons and the rest of the nation. Like trial by jury and the right to bear arms, it is a right that has been, and should be, guarded with jealous care. Nothing can excuse its suspension but the imminence of civil war or of some great peril which threatens the nation's life. As a consequence of habeas corpus, the subordination of the military to the civil power naturally follows. When a judge can release where a general arrests, the case is plain enough. In peaceful times, then, the civil power is supreme. There are other times, however, when it may yield its supremacy for a moment, just as a limb may be sacrificed to save the body. Martial law is, at the best, a desperate remedy which is never resorted to in a free country except in cases of extreme necessity, and when that necessity ceases to exist, martial law is abolished, and civil law takes again its rightful place. This has been the course of things in the United States, and thus we hope it shall ever be. We Irish know enough, and more than enough, of the arbitrary acts of British power in Ireland, by which in times of profound peace the Habeas Corpus Act has been suspended, and hundreds of innocent men consigned to dungeons, there to remain without examination or trial during the Lord Lieutenant's pleasure. It is true that the British have some excuse for their frequent suspensions of Habeas Corpus and their occasional proclamation of martial law, in the fact that they are necessary for the purpose of subduing the chronic disaffection, sedition, and rebellion of Ireland; but the burden is none the less heavy on her. No people under heaven ought to realize more clearly than the Irish the blessings of Habeas Corpus and the subordination of the Military to the Civil power; and no class of American citizens should be more prompt than they to repel even the least of attacks against Rights so sacred. This country fortunately needs no suspension of Habeas Corpus in this year of grace 1873. And yet, strange to say, when no one dreamed of danger, this city only a few days since was startled by the announcement that one of its citizens Mr. Bogart, was kidnapped at night and brought a prisoner to Valjeo, the outrage being perpetrated by order of some official connected with the United States Navy. The question of Bogart's guilt or innocence of the charges preferred against him has nothing to do with what we have called an out-

rage, but the manner of it has. We are not living under martial law, and therefore in cases of this kind, the military (and naval) power must be reduced to its proper and subordinate position. A transaction of the kind referred to may seem of small consequence, as Bogart is not of himself a man of very great importance, but the principle violated in the peculiar manner of his arrest and in the order by virtue of which it took place, is one of the corner stones on which rests the goodly edifice of American freedom. If we would not have that edifice crash down amid the ruin of nations, we must see that its foundations shall not be sapped or undermined. That evil day shall never come if we look to our rights with jealousy, and resist the beginning of encroachment: *Obsta principibus*. We therefore look for new developments in the Bogart case.

IRISH PATRIOTISM.

It is a glorious reality but it belongs to the poor. That is not a correct definition. Would it not be better expressed by saying it is a glorious reality and it belongs to the rich? Who are the poor? That is a question for philosophers. We believe rich men carry their wealth in their hearts and in their heads, and that poor men keep their wealth in their pockets or permit some other man like Tom Mooney to keep it for them in a bank. The wealth stored up in the heart or in the head is a pleasure maker. The owner can draw as much as he wants without diminishing the supply. He is his own banker and his wealth is safe. Here and there we see Irish patriotism destroyed by Irish prosperity. In this State of California there are hundreds of rich Irishmen who stand aside and are very remarkable for a patriotic love of gold. The Almighty dollar aways them; they talk like patriots, but talk is cheap, it costs nothing to say a word in favor of liberty, one of these fellows would not say the word if he did not hope to get something in exchange. The people here are the masters, they have the power to give fat places, in fact they have the power to give power away, they can make an insignificant noodle the equal of a Duke, and they sometimes do it for fun. But hear them criticizing the conduct of a supervisor and you begin to have hopes that at the next election they will not elect any man for fun, but for merit. Irish patriotism with its wealth of heart and head must submit itself to direction and control. It is not at all safe to permit the generous heart to guide the man in the affairs of life. The head full of common sense is a safer guide and to the rich men who are full of Irish patriotism, we say let the wealth in your heads direct the wealth in your hearts. To you, who are generally called 'the poor,' we return our sincere thanks. The evidence you have given this week is proof of your intention to have a newspaper of your own and to sustain the NATIONALIST and that is cheering. The poor men who are called rich stand aside, but we can do without them. Supported by true Irish patriotism, Irish hearts and Irish minds, we can afford to pity the patriots who glorify themselves with a purse-proud air. The majority must rule. It is here as at home.

Amongst the poor and on the moor
Are found the gifted and the true,
While peasant leave and ruffian slave
Have riches rank and retinue.

JOINT EXCURSION F. B.

This month terminating the rainy season, ushers in the period of pic-nics and excursions to pleasant places. Several pic-nics are already announced as in course of organization, and doubtless this year shall be fully as prolific of them as the last. Tastes differ, and accordingly many different places of attraction have been selected. To be early in the field and take time by the forelock seems to be the motto of the Legion of St. Patrick. That fine military company has agreed to share with the Thomas F. Burke Circle, F. B., the pleasure of the most agreeable day they can calculate on for the whole year. Their joint excursion and picnic takes place on Sunday, the 13th inst., and they thus in time get ahead of nearly all the picknicks of the season. With considerable taste they have selected as the scene of their festivities Humboldt Park, Oakland, one of the prettiest spots in California. Their advertisement in another column gives all useful particulars, and it can scarcely be necessary to say to any that the trip to Broadway station, Oakland, and thence to the Park, is one of the pleasantest that can be found. The pic-nics of the Fenian Brotherhood and the Legion are always well attended, and from the manner in which they are carried out always give complete satisfaction. We are sure the present one will be no exception. The Committee of Arrangements are using their best exertions to make the affair a decided success. A large number of tickets have already been disposed of, and the result promises to be all the pleasure-seekers could desire. The locality is so convenient, so picturesque, and so accessible that we are sure the occasion will call out thousands to spend a pleasant day. It will be remembered also that the proceeds go to Headquarters, F. B., New York, there to be applied in keeping alive the fire of Irish nationality. It is a thing which we note with pleasure that the Legion will be escorted to the grounds by the Hibernia Rifles, thus showing that though they may be attached to distinct organizations, there is no feeling of petty jealousy between them. Each travels the road it judges best, but is always ready to stretch out the helping hand to the other. In this important particular, we have much pleasure in inviting the Irish organizations of New York to imitate those of San Francisco.

AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Empire consists of various provinces—Hungary, Bohemia, Transylvania, the Tyrol, Croatia, etc.—and each of these provinces has a local Diet, or Parliament, for the management of its own affairs. The members of each Diet are elected directly by the people, as members of the State Legislatures are in this country. In order to perfect the federation of the provinces, and out of them all make a consolidated empire, representatives are chosen from each, who assemble in the Reichsrath, or Imperial Parliament, at Vienna. These representatives are not directly elected by the people, but by the members of the Diet, in much the same manner as our Senators are chosen. While it is the business of each Diet to legislate for the local affairs of its province, it is the business of the Reichsrath to legislate for the empire at large. In other words, Home Rule on an extensive scale is there fully carried out. Austria, however, finds that its welfare demands some modification of the existing system. On the northern and western frontiers it is confronted by two powerful and aggressive neighbors—Russia and Germany. Within it finds that the Hungarian cares much for Hungary, and but little for the other provinces or the empire at large. For the honor and welfare of Hungary he is ready to risk life and limb, but is almost content to let the people at a distance fight their own battles. Hungary is to him a reality, the empire an abstraction. The Tyrolese and the people of the other provinces feel and reason in a similar manner. Austria is thus a conglomeration of different nations and different races, with divided and often clashing interests and aims. The representatives elected by the Diet go to Vienna with the object of securing local benefits rather than furthering Imperial measures. They are indeed often in opposition to any such measures. Besides, there is so little cohesion between the parts of the empire that the Diet of each regards the Reichsrath as little superior to itself. The intervention of the Diet between the people and the throne is considered in Vienna a source of weakness to an empire which may be any day assailed from without. What works tolerably well in the United States does not work well there; and accordingly an effort is made to create an Imperialist feeling wherever the Austrian banner floats. In furtherance of this object, a Reform Bill has been introduced into the Reichsrath, changing indirect into direct election, giving to the people and not to the Diet of each province the right to choose the members of the Imperial Parliament. By last mail advices we learn that this Bill has already passed the Lower House, and will probably become a law. How it may work, and whether it can neutralize the traditions of ages remain to be seen. There are not wanting persons in this country to believe that we want such another Reform Bill, giving the people and not the State Legislatures the power of electing United States Senators. Such a Reform Bill, however, would necessitate another sweeping Constitutional Amendment.

Since the above was written, the wires have informed us that the Austrian Reform Bill has received the Emperor's signature, and thus become law. In Vienna there was in consequence great rejoicing.

IRISH COERCION ACTS.

Of those British contrivances for the repression of Irish discontent there are more than a hundred. One is the Arms Act. Its object is to keep the people without firearms, and to prevent them from learning how to shoot. Whenever or wherever the Act is in force, the possession of even an old gun-barrel or pistol butt, subjects the possessor to the chance of penal servitude. Barrister Howley gave twelve months to a young man in Tipperary because two percussion caps were found in his pocket, the barrister sagely concluding that the caps had nipples to fit. Connected with the Arms Act is one about Drilling. If anyone not duly authorized by her Majesty's people presumes to show another anything of military matters, both are criminal in the eyes of the law. In '49 a Dublin man was sent to prison for two years, for the treason of saying to some friends in line: "Right, form fours March." The Lord Lieutenant is almost always entrusted with the power of proclaiming any district he thinks fit, and of compelling all persons to remain indoors between sunset and sunrise. This might be called the Curfew Act. The Crime and Outrage Act gives the Executive power to punish the innocent instead of the guilty. Suppose a hayrick is burned, and that the burning is surmised to be malicious, then if the offender be not brought to justice, half a dozen or half a hundred additional police may be quartered on the district, the inhabitants paying for this during the Lord Lieutenant's good pleasure. The Summary Jurisdiction Act gives to every policeman the power of arresting without warrant such persons as he may think proper to accuse of "noisy offensive or notorious behavior;" and every magistrate, in such a case, and cases of "assault," "obstruction of police," "Contempt of Court," and the like, is to have the power of condemning to fine or to imprisonment the persons so accused, and even to condemn them in their absence at his mere discretion. The only valid excuse for suspending Habeas Corpus is the imminence of civil war; yet without such excuse it has been frequently suspended in Ireland. The Bill of Rights guarantees to every freeman the right to bear arms, a right which is almost always in constant abeyance. Contrary to Magna Charta the authorities took away the trial by jury in

what they called cases of agrarian outrage. Contrary to their boasted constitution, they have taken away the freedom of the press, and converted the Lord Lieutenant into an irresponsible autocrat. He can suppress the *Irishman* or any other paper to-morrow if he pleases. His policemen can batter the heads of those who dare to assemble peaceably in a public park, and there is no redress. The little liberty left by one coercion act is taken away by another. In short, there is no law in Ireland but the will of the castle authorities or of their masters, and the people know this, and feel it acutely. Yet there are found folks still to talk of the British Constitution in Ireland. And there are others who not only talk of it, but advise the people to keep carefully within the limits, and carry on their struggle for freedom according to its provisions! There are dozens of coercion acts hanging like the sword of Damocles over the head of the country, and if those acts are not rigidly enforced at all times and against all districts, the reason is that a policy of expediency and not of justice prompts them to withhold their weapons. Whenever it suits the castle authorities to throw aside the Constitution they do it. And the best thing our countrymen can do is to prepare in God's good time to throw it aside altogether once and for ever.

LAW.

Tyranny and despotism have been denounced in all ages as burdens from which a nation should endeavor to free itself; but though tyranny and despotism are terrible evils, there is a yoke under which a country may groan more terrible yet. The worst despotism which has cursed the earth is happiness compared with a state of anarchy. The most oppressive of Governments is infinitely better than no Government at all. And why? Because, instead of the rule of a tyrannical Code, or the stern will of one, we are delivered to the wildest passions of the most brutal of the community. The billowy surges of the savage designs of the worst of men usually sweep everything from their course, virtue is appalled in the presence of crime, and Right goes down in the fierce struggle with Might. It is for such reasons that nations have for long years endured grievous wrongs rather than incur the perils of such a calamity as anarchy would bring upon them. Advancing from anarchy, we come to despotism, are delivered from the violence of the many and handed over to the caprice of one. That caprice, however, may, and usually does, entail a thousand evils on the unhappy land, and to free themselves from it, men battled and failed, and died; others in succeeding times raised again the banner against the domination of the despot, and after many an ensanguined struggle, they triumphed, the world rejoiced, the nation should no longer be governed by the uncontrolled will of a single individual but according to certain principles easily understood and clearly set forth. The reign of Law had superseded the reign of the Strong Hand. Eminent jurists have therefore defined liberty as government by law, not by violence or caprice. And it will be found that the greatest lovers of liberty are also the greatest lovers of law and justice. And when in any country respect for the law ceases, when it may be violated with impunity, when the weak have to cower before the strong, when right is no protection, and crime no disgrace, when we have to dread not one tyrant but ten thousand, then the country is doomed, and Law and Liberty leave it together. To give us a system of law which should guard our rights, establish our liberties and perpetuate our privileges, did the soldiers of the American Revolution fight and die; and in defence of that system of law should we be prepared to die to-morrow. We must defend the outworks if we would preserve the citadel, and therefore should watch, with jealous eye, the slightest encroachment of the enemy. And we do not hesitate to say that whoever opposes or sets aside, with the hand of armed violence, the law of this land is an enemy of its liberties. In the mad passions of the moment he may not see this, or may forget it; but it is nevertheless true that, so far as in him lies, he has opened the sluice gates through which a tide of anarchy might rush and engulf all that is good and all that is great in the broad land of which we are so proud.

We have been led into these reflections by some recent deeds of violence on the part of armed mobs in California. Lynch law is one of the taints which Europeans fling in our teeth. In the early stages of colonization and settlement, it had some excuse, and even yet on the lawless frontier, where the savage Indian and the still more savage desperado are ready to rush at men's throats, it may be palliated. A desperate case may be met by a desperate remedy. But in civilized and populous districts, Lynch law has no fit place. If we tolerate such a system, let us at once acknowledge that we have sunk into barbarism. The law of the State and the law of the mob cannot co-exist. One or the other of them must be trampled under foot. If we tolerate the latter, let us shut up the courts, and cry, Long live the Vigilantes! Before we do that, however, let us see what kind of persons usually constitute the formidable Committee. Some, no doubt, are incited by an honest but fierce impulse to check outrage; but in most cases, the leading spirits are those who have been criminals themselves, or who worm themselves into the business for the purpose of wreaking revenge on their personal enemies. Those who remember the Vigilance Committee of 1856 in San Francisco, must acknowledge that even here for one honest man on its roll, there were two who should have been in prison.

And some of the members of that Committee are now in San Quentin. Take again the last tragedy by which California has been disgraced—the lynching of Matthew Tarpey. After careful inquiry, we fully indorse all that our correspondent, *Veritas*, said last week, and believe that a man so generous and lion-hearted must have been incapable of the atrocious crime of deliberately shooting any woman whatever. The woman, however, was shot, and such a tragedy naturally brought up from its depths the strongest feeling of the people. The wildest stories were set afloat, and nothing was too strange for credulous ears. A man like Tarpey was not without personal enemies, and from the peculiar horrors attached to the sad occurrence an opportunity was now given them to secure an easy vengeance. To have prompt retribution for a supposed deliberate murder, a meeting was held at which strong resolutions were adopted. To fan the flame of popular indignation, these resolutions, were read at Mrs. Nicholson's grave. A few honest, misguided, hot-blooded men, and a large number of blacklegs, swindlers, and desperadoes were soon gathered in secret and confidential conclave round those personal enemies of Tarpey. That the law should be outraged, and another murder committed by the lynching was a natural consequence. We are waiting to see if Californian Law has any force, or if it may be trampled on with impunity. Why are not the murderers of Tarpey in jail?

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH, Proprietor and Manager

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 5.
Positively the Last Night of

CORIOLANUS.

Monday Evening, April 7th,
First performance of a New Comedy written by MRS. JULIA DUNN, of San Francisco, entitled—

The Governess.

Monday Evening, April 14th,
First Appearance of the acknowledged Queen of the American Stage

MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

GOD SAVE IRELAND

See who comes over the red-blossom'd heather.

Down the hills whirling,
Their blessed steel shining,
Like rivers of beauty they flow from each glen;
From mountain and valley,
The Lancers' Rally,
Out and make way for the bold Fenian Men.



A GRAND

NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION

...AND...

Joint Excursion

...OF THE...

FENIAN BROTHERHOOD

...AND...

LEGION OF ST. PATRICK

...ESCORTED BY THE...

HIRIBERIA RIFLES

...TO...

Humboldt Park, Oakland

SUNDAY, APRIL 13TH

TICKETS...FIFTY CENTS

Proceeds to be devoted to IRISH NATIONAL PURPOSES.

HUMBOLDT PARK is located in one of Nature's most beautiful spots.

Boats leave every half hour.

THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 5, 1873.

Nationalist Printing and Publishing Company.—A meeting of the Trustees and Stockholders will be held in the Nationalist office on Sunday, the 6th instant, at one o'clock P. M. Business important.

City Items

The Hibernian Rifles will hold their picnic in San Rafael, on April 27th. The well-merited popularity of the Rifles will ensure a large attendance.

The Convention of last Sunday did little more than make some by-laws respecting the choice of delegates for next year. We would like to be informed if they are going to do anything in the direction of appointing a Committee to organize a State Convention for national purposes.

The long-established and well-known grocery store, Lennon & Kelly, at the corner of Fourth and Minna streets, continues to be well patronized.

The hall of the Legion of St. Patrick (Capt. M. B. Hughes) on Wednesday evening last, in Hibernia Hall, was a very pleasant reunion. The single youths who haven't found enough to find lady friends have no business in such places. Fortune may perhaps smile on them soon.

The Knights of the Red Branch, not satisfied with their algal success in organizing the finest ball, are now setting their wits to work at preparing for all the Nationalists and their numerous friends the finest picnic of the season. They are taking ample time to do the undertaking justice. The picnic comes off in the City Gardens, May 18th.

President John Kenney and Grand Marshal Barrett were serenaded on Monday night. Fine music and good wine.

Some papers depend on puff and some on merit; some have a large circulation, and others say they have it; some snap at their neighbors, others can afford to patronize them; some won't tell lies, and others can't afford to tell the truth; some try to be witty and fail, others don't try but succeed; one like the *Chronicle* is nothing if not sensational, another the same if not like the *Atlas*, sleepy, a third like the *Call* ditto if not obscure, and still another like the *Post* ditto, ditto if not what every body wants to read. Good wine needs no bush.

Mary E. Holcomb and Catharine F. Holcomb, of Connecticut, appear as new claimants to the estate of the late H. H. Byrne, of this city.

Dr. E. Buckley, our stylish and fascinating young friend, committed a serious mistake last Tuesday by refusing to appear as a witness in a case, upon which he was summoned before Judge Blake, on the ground that he was not a citizen of this country, and therefore was not subject to the Court; but the Judge convinced him of his little error. He was, however, kind enough to accept an apology instead of a fine from the Doctor.

Tyler Curtis has retired from the Presidency of the State Investment Insurance Company, and Colonel Peter Donahue has been elected to the position. The company have declared their first dividend, of one per cent, payable on the 10th inst.

Louisiana lately swallowed a lot of Chinamen, to operate in her factories, but the dose was too strong, and she has vomited them forth again to bless San Francisco with their presence. Over one hundred returned on Tuesday.

The Post and Chronicle claim that the City Gas Company, and that the price of gas will go up to \$4. Their information about consolidation may be correct, although we doubt it; but we feel confident that the increase in price will be very light.

Prentice Mulford in the *Bulletin* this week says, "The English Press is far behind that of America. An English editorial must be long. Verbosity is deemed a virtue." We cannot agree with Mr. Prentice Mulford. The editorials of the *Times*, *Daily News*, *Saturday Review*, and several other English papers are far ahead of our best. Though we dislike the English rule in Ireland we must be just to Englishmen and we assure Mr. Prentice Mulford that the majority of persons employed as newspaper editors and reporters in America would find themselves in Dublin or London only fit to be peddlers or managers in whiskey mills. Prentice Mulford's letter is the best sample of verbosity we have noticed of late; it fills a column in the *Bulletin* with such trash as this: "I did find one very conversable young lady. True, she lisped. I like a trifle of a lisp. This one lisped too much. She concentrated too much of her strength in that lisp. When lunch was served I was hooked on to a real peeress and I saw stars." Too much "lisp" in the author who finds fault with "verbosity." Give the d— his due. In the London journals there is evidence of common sense, decency and justice.

ARRIVAL FROM CHINA.—The steamer *Chinamen* arrived from Hong Kong on Thursday morning, bringing to San Francisco 1,248 Chinese! Importing coolies to compete with white men in the labor market is a capital trick.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CADETS.—On Thursday night, Captain McDonald, of Pacific Hall, drilled sixteen of his company "blissfully." Every movement executed with precision, proved that soldiers trained by the Captain can fight in the dark. The skirmish drill was most surprising. A splendid illustration of bayonet practice was given by the Captain himself at the close.

The *Atlas* says:—"A distinguished party of ladies and gentlemen from the East have arrived at the Occidental Hotel." That word distinguished ought to be kept in its proper place. Wealth can purchase distinction, but wealthy people are not distinguished.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—In future all candidates for the office of Supervisor, School Director, and School Inspector should submit to a preliminary examination. And notice is hereby given that no man will be elected in this city to fill any of the above named places if he cannot spell his own name and words of three syllables.

On the Market street cars they charge ten cents for a single fare. The conductor gives four tickets for a quarter. In the Company's office five may be had for the same price. Order is Heaven's first law; but it is not the first or last law in the office of the Market street cars.

THE HIBERNIA HALL, 246 Third Street, is newly fitted up in superb style, and fit for the accommodation of large social parties and military drills. It is one of the best Public Halls in the city. The new improvements deserve the attention of public speakers. In this Hall the movements of the audience create no noise. Silence is the ally of eloquence.

FRENCHY.—A Frenchman having heard the phrase "I've got other fish to fry," very readily learned his application. One evening, after escorting a lady home, and being invited to walk in, he excused himself by saying: "I thank you, Madame, I must cook some fish."

What is a pawnbroker? A chess player who checkmates society with a pawn. Does he give any entertainment in honor of his business? Yes; three balls. No dinners? None; with him it is Lent all the year round.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—An article that will firmly mend Furniture, Crockery, Glassware, Statuary, Meerschaum, Dolls, Toys, Leather, and all ordinary household articles likely to be broken, is as dispensable as it is valuable. These requisites are to be found in the well known Giant Powder, which is put up in the past only. It invariably gives satisfaction, and is now for sale by druggists, stationers, grocers, and the Giant Cement Company, No. 417 Washington street (opposite the Post Office) San Francisco.

Correspondence.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, 2d April, 1873.

A month ago I shook the mud of Sacramento off my boots, struck up for the mountains, and tumbled into this portion of the silver State. During my recent travels, I was unable to get the NATIONALIST or indeed most of the time any paper, so that my knowledge of passing events is meagre in the extreme, and I must confine myself this week to a few local subjects. It may be of interest to some of your readers to be told the truth about this great gold and silver mining district. There is a very prevalent idea in California that abundance of employment awaits all who may come here, at this season of the year, especially; but it is an erroneous idea I assure you, and I trust no anxious seeker of fortune will throw up his place to try his chances in Virginia. I know not how it has been in the past; probably much better: all places that I have been on this Coast were very good at one time—so people say: but at present there are hundreds of men idle, waiting like Micawber for something to turn up. I was much chagrined to find such a state of things on my arrival. Stocks were down very low, and still continue so; and the epizootic had set in among the horses, causing a still further prostration of business. In the midst of such cheerless circumstances I looked around, to find, if possible, something that would counteract depression of spirits, and I did not look in vain. St. Patrick's Day was near at hand, and neither the decline in stocks, nor the horse disease could damp the ardor of the Irish population in and around Virginia City. And when the day did come, bright and beautiful as if ordered for the occasion, the streets were thronged with the exiled children of the Gael, dressed in their holiday attire, with an abundant sprinkling of "our own glorious color, the green." The procession formed soon after noon. It consisted of the six fire companies with their engines, the Irish Confederation, three fine military companies, the Montgomery, Emmet, and Sarsfield Guards, two excellent bands of music, The Ancient Order of Hibernians No. 1, Virginia City; A. O. H. No. 2 Gold Hill and a large concourse of citizens. It was a splendid procession—large beyond expectation for this place. The Anniversary of our Patron Saint passed off as harmoniously as could be desired. The ball in behalf of the Orphans under the care of the Sisters of Charity, was numerously attended, and I understand netted a handsome profit for the praise worthy object it was given for.

The Montgomery Guards, a newly organized company attached to the Irish Confederation, gave a banquet in the evening to the friends of the Confederation and other invited guests. Captain P. H. Donovan in the chair. The proceedings were opened by Lieutenant Thomas Hughes singing *God Save Ireland* after which the president eloquently proposed the toast of the evening, *Ireland a Nation*. It is needless to say that it was received with all the honors. Several appropriate toasts were proposed and responded to. The toast—"Our invited guests" was responded to by Mr. B. Colgan, president of the Confederation. Mr. Mark Feeney recited *Shamus O'Brien* in excellent style. Patriotic songs were sung, volunteer toasts given, and after an evening of real social enjoyment, the party adjourned to the ball room where dancing was kept up "till the wee sma' hours." I have found here as strong and as earnest an Irish Revolutionary element, for the size of the city, as can be found. I verily believe, in any part of the United States. Unlike most other places that I know of where the Irish Confederation was established, it has not declined in Virginia; but, on the contrary, is daily becoming stronger. The Montgomery Guards though organized only a very short time, go through their drill with all the proficiency of old soldiers. The establishment of the knights of the Red Branch is in contemplation, and when such an event takes place, I have no hesitation in saying that we will be able to band together, for practical revolutionary purposes, a body of Irishmen inferior to none in devotion to the good old cause.

HARVEY BIRCH.

A Professor.

EDITOR NATIONALIST.—I am fresh from the old country, a stranger, and full of ambition. I wish to be a "Professor" and I want your advice. In Ireland "Professor" is a title conferred on a learned man. I am not absolutely ignorant, but I see that in this city you have "Professors of Astrology!" Men who go up in balloons are called "Professors." I am told the *Call* reporter is a "Professor" now; that he earned the title by going up in a balloon. I have listened to Dwight K. Tripp lecturing, and he is also "A Professor!" Couldn't you send me up in the next balloon and give me a chance of coming down a live "Professor."

I am yours truly,
PADDY.

[We have no influence with the balloonist. The operation furthermore is ticklish, as some reporters who went up suddenly became to their own amazement extremely pious. "Paddy" must adopt the American style of doing business—choose any title he pleases, Judge, Colonel, Captain or Professor, and then frown down any one who is hardy enough to deny it.]

The fellow who attempted to edit a newspaper that would make no person angry, has abandoned the business, and is now employed at a business he is fit for—he peddles skimmed milk. An Editor of many years experience says the man is yet unborn who can write a local item and be perfectly sure that nobody will be offended by it. He thinks the safest plan is to publish the truth. This is a good hint, but it could be improved by adding—and refuse to circulate a falsehood in any shape.

Any person having copies of the Extra-edition of the NATIONALIST, issued on St. Patrick's Day can find purchasers for them at this office.

Coriolanus.

EDITOR NATIONALIST.—I saw John McCullough as Coriolanus on Monday night, and agree with you in saying that "he is the noblest Roman of them all." Therefore it may not be out of place to present to him through the pages of the NATIONALIST an old stager's opinion of the play as presented to the public. It was a mistake to represent the Roman people as a rabble armed with clubs. The Roman tribunes on the stage appeared to be timid; in the Roman forum they were haughty and bold and rarely missed an opportunity of exhibiting the power of the people. O'Connell in a rage, with his eloquence curbed by prudence would be a famous representative of the Roman tribune. The tribunes on the stage were like beggars and the veterans were mere stage soldiers. In a great play perfection is necessary in all the parts. The merit of the great actors is not noticed if the audience can perceive that any part of the performance is a sham. When every part is perfect the audience forgets the players and sees the originals great and small. It was only in one scene that I forgot the stage and saw before me Rome and the Romans. And that was when the Roman ladies, in deep mourning, appeared in the camp of the Volscians praying Coriolanus to give peace to Rome. The Imperial pride was well displayed by the haughty Roman matron who would not permit the wife of her son to kneel before him as a suppliant. This scene was magnificent; the scenery superb. Imperial Rome in the distance, the landscape, the tents of the Volscians and the tents of their generals reminded me of works of art I saw in the Louvre gallery at Paris; and grand as the scene was, I admit the actors were the noblest ornaments. McCullough as Coriolanus in this scene, particularly, was inimitable. His silence was eloquence; his action declared the man, and on his face I saw the pride of the haughty Roman. Indeed I thought it was fortunate he had turned his back to the Volscians. I could enjoy the pleasure of witnessing this scene every night in this year. But was it not a mistake to kill Coriolanus on the stage in the Volscian camp outside Rome? Shakespeare killed him at Corioli. If these observations are noticed by the players, I hope they will remember the writer makes them because he regretted to see the great actors surrounded by little errors.

OLD STAGER.
[Our correspondent is evidently "an old-fashioned critic." The original play of Shakespeare has been altered by English and Irish authors to suit public taste in England and Ireland. The cast of the play presented to the public here suits the taste of the republic, and appears to us in many respects superior to the old-fashioned ideas of propriety. The scene which has charmed our correspondent is really splendid, and we agree with him in saying we could enjoy the pleasure of seeing it "every night in the year."

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY BILL.

A Protestant clergyman and a Professor of Trinity College the Rev. Samuel Haughton, in a speech which reflects the highest credit on that distinguished gentleman, and assuredly entitles him to the gratitude of every Irishman, made a splendid vindication of the medical faculty of the Catholic University; severely rebuked the Queen's College Professor for his insulting remarks, and while agreeing with every statement in the petition, advocated a chartered and endorsed university for the Catholics of Ireland. He was supported by nearly all of the most distinguished members of the University present on that occasion—by Dr. Shaw F. C. D. who although a supporter of the mixed world give the Catholics of Ireland, the denominational system, if they preferred it, and argued that they did prefer it beyond all question; by Rev. Professor Galbraith who expressed regret at having to appeal on the subject to a Parliament "sitting in London and pointed out how consistent and how constant the Catholics have been in their demands. It was a memorable and gratifying spectacle to see so many eminent Catholics in such a place sentiments so just and generous.—*Dublin Nation*.

That is good news from Ireland. The Protestants standing up to defend their Catholic friends. The fellows of Trinity College would make first rate Senators in the Irish Republican Senate house and we hope to see Haughton and Galbraith representing two States of the Irish Republic.

An Outsider on San Francisco.

The San Francisco correspondent of the *Standard*, published in Australia, says:—"Excessive Chinamen.—I have some good news this morning—no one shot or stabbed last night in this big village! They have eight or ten thousand idle boys here. What shall we do with them? It is an important question with the property owners. Colonel Barnes says "send them to school." John Steiglitz, a sensible mechanic, says "give them the places now occupied by Chinamen." John says "the number of white boys idle is nearly the same as the number of Chinamen employed." John does not pretend to be an orator, but he speaks plain truth, and he says "the people have no friends, they ought to be their own friends." John is a man. The people are mice. DOLLAR WORK-SHIP is universal in this free country. The "almighty" dollar will bring the live Yankees to grief. That's a fact! The whole duty of man here seems to be to get a dollar, by any means. When a free man gets two hundred dollars he thinks himself "a capitalist" and feels like one, while he speaks of the advantages of CHEAP LABOR. It is a fact, and rather comic too. The hard mouse, peeped up with his two hundred dollars, reminds me of Mark Twain's frog. There is a storm brewing here; you may see it in the *Call* one of these days an advertisement headed "A chance for farmers; halters and head collars; ten thousand tails, cut off the Chinese population for sale." Wouldn't it be awful if the advertiser should add in a P. S., and several heads! The tails will not be removed for the purpose of improving the personal appearance of the Chinese, but a Chinaman believes that his soul is in the tail. Killing the souls may remove the bodies and save all the heads. All strangers who reside in this city seem to think the presence of the Chinese a disgrace, but our own "Statesmen" are so blinded by love of the almighty dollar that they cannot see at all.

What Workingmen Have Done.

Presupposing that we are sufficiently familiar with the biographies of the workingmen who have metamorphosed the forests and solitary places of America, into busy centres of commerce and civilization, let us see something of what the workingmen of England alone have accomplished. It is against the aristocracy and government system of England that Irish efforts are directed—not against the people proper. We can therefore afford to give credit where it may be justly due, and can even sympathize with the down-trodden democracy of that country to which may be traced almost all our woes for several centuries past.

Well then as to great thinkers alone, Daniel Defoe, the author of Robinson Crusoe, and one of the most original novelists English literature can boast of, began life as an uneducated hostler. Isaac Walton whose memory is still dear to anglers was a linen-dropper. Thomas Simpson, the distinguished mathematician worked as a weaver the greater part of his life. Capt. Cooke to whose scientific daring navigators owe so much was a peasant's son and almost self-taught. Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning jenny began life as a barber. James Brindley the founder of canal navigation in England was a millwright. Sir William Herschel came from Hanover as a bandboy in one of our regiments purchased by England. Chantrey the sculptor was a dairy boy. Sir Thomas Lawrence was the son of an inn keeper. John Opie was a sawyer. William Hogarth the greatest artist the world has seen in his peculiar line, started by engraving heads for shop bills. Gifford the poet was a cabin boy. Bloomfield wrote his best poem, "The Farmer Boy" while he worked as a shoemaker in a garret. Rare Ben Johnson worked some time as a bricklayer. Shakespeare's father was a poor man who couldn't write his name. The two Millers and the two Isaacs, distinguished as ecclesiastics began life as weavers. John Bunyan, the greatest master of allegory that has yet appeared was a self-taught tinker. The foregoing is but a sample and yet enough to show that where genius is innate, no obstacle can choke it.

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THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 5, 1873.

The Philosophy of Love.

In the last installment of Mr. Herbert Spencer's exposition of the philosophical system which is to give us an explanation—so far as an explanation can be given—of the whole universe, we meet with an interesting passage upon the passion of love. The advocates of the evolution hypothesis are sometimes called materialists. That word is too often used, as "atheist" is used in theological, or a good round oath in popular discussion, simply to indicate disagreement coupled with moral disapproval. The fallacy which it involves in this case might be easily exhibited. The genuine materialists of the last century were in fact given to maintaining that our loftiest sentiments were merely modifications of the most earthly instincts.

Last through some certain strainers well refined is gentle love, according to Pope; and some very equivocal sermons have been preached upon his text. Superficial readers have fancied that, because Mr. Darwin or Mr. Herbert Spencer believes that man has been evolved by inconceivably minute changes from some inferior organism, therefore our emotions and thoughts are nothing but transformations of the blind sensations of the lowest forms of life. The misconception is palpable. Science might conceivably show under what conditions intellect first manifested itself, but it would not be one step the nearer to discovering what was the essence of intellect. It might explain the how, but throw no light upon the what. Thus we find that Mr. Herbert Spencer's description of the passion called love has nothing in it calculated to shock the most spiritual philosopher. It is, he says, an emotion of the highest complexity, and consequently of the greatest strength. Around the purely physical elements gather all varieties of powerful emotions which blend and unite in the closest harmony. First come all the impressions which are produced by the beautiful, the explanation of which would involve a long and most difficult analysis. Then we have the sentiment of affection, which may exist between persons of the same sex, but which undergoes a special exaltation when existing between lovers. Next come the sentiments of admiration or reverence; and, beyond them again, the love of approbation, which is keenly excited by the knowledge that we are preferred to all the world; and preferred by one whom we admire beyond all others. Allied to this is the sentiment of self-approval, when we are flattered by the sense of the great merits to which we owe so great a triumph. Beyond this is the "proprietary" feeling, or the pleasure of mutual possession. And finally, there is an explanation of the sympathies when our pleasures are heightened by the close participation of another person in all our enjoyments. We need not inquire whether the analysis is complete or accurate; at any rate it illustrates pretty fairly the amazing complexity of a passion which we are apt to describe as simple. When a young gentleman at a ball meets a young lady who is above all other young ladies entering the room, he is conscious only of a keen thrill of emotion, so vivid and powerful as to displace every other sentiment for the time. If Mr. Herbert Spencer were standing by him, and were to point to give him a lecture on the constituent elements of his passion we fear though we mean no disrespect to Mr. Spencer, that he would consider the philosopher to be more than perhaps a few years afterwards, or possibly on the next day if his suit should have come to an untimely catastrophe, he might be inclined to take his passion to pieces, and he would recognize the justice of most of the remarks which we have summarized. In that case he would perhaps find the explanation of some phenomena which are a little puzzling to bystanders, though the lover himself has no leisure to attend to them.

Thus, for example, everybody is puzzled by the extraordinary caprices of love-making. The ladies who say in novels that they cannot understand "what he could see in her" are generally held up to ridicule as obviously blinded by jealousy. And yet their want of perception is not only sincere, but is shared by perfectly impartial spectators. When we see the way in which marriages are brought about in the world, we wonder that the pursuit of match-making should be found so interesting by aimable persons. Of course match-making as a variety of fortune-hunting is only too intelligible; but there is a match-making of a much less sordid variety. All sensible women take the keenest delight in attempting to pair off their friends and relations according to their own views of the fitness of things. And yet they are always meeting with the strangest and, at first sight, the most unaccountable disappointments. The man of intellect has an extraordinary taste for stupid women; the handsome man of fashion is carried off by a poor, ugly, and commonplace woman ten years his senior; the pompous prig secures the brightest and liveliest of her sex; fox-hunters attract poetesses, and poets marry wives who can do nothing but mend their shirts. Such strange contrasts have led to the development of the plausible theory that people are attracted rather by qualities complementary than by qualities similar to their own. This doctrine, however, falls by being too comprehensive. We must admit that like often attracts like; and if we add that like also attracts unlike, we have a theory which explains nothing, because it explains everything. Every match that was ever made or ever will be made may be brought under one category or the other; but until we can give some reason for telling beforehand which set of causes is likely to be operative in a given case, we are no nearer an explanation than we were before. The only general rule at which we have been enabled to arrive by experience is the rather discouraging one that people whom we like always marry people whom we dislike. Friends seem to have a perverse delight in forming new combinations which may be as discordant as possible with their ancient ties. We do not, however, see our way to creating any philosophical theory upon this experience, unless it is to go to illustrate Artemus Ward's doctrine of the "cussedness" of things in general.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's analysis may perhaps help us to understand some of the conditions of the problem, though the philosopher has yet to arise who will be able to tell us from the inspection of a young lady or gentleman what will be the character of his or her future partner. In the first place, it is to be remarked that some of the elements which he describes do not enter into the passion in many cases, or at least do not enter into its earlier stages. Self-esteem, for example, is the reward of successful love-making, and strengthens the passion when it has once been formed; but it cannot be the primary cause. More difficulty is very often a sufficient explanation of the phenomenon. A man and woman brought together in Robin-

son Crusoe's island would almost inevitably fall in love, however unpromising their characters might be. And, though London is very unlike a desert island, there are frequently situations, even in the most crowded societies, where conditions substantially similar are produced. There are circumstances under which it would be almost a breach of good manners not to indulge in a little flirtation. A man being has such a variety of strong feelings in a state of solution that any object will be sufficient to determine their crystallization. This is, indeed, the primary axiom on the subject. We have all a vast amount of disposable emotion; we are all long to admire and to be admired; we are all grateful for compliments; we wish to have something to call our own; we want our sentiments to be confirmed by sympathy; and therefore, when once an accident has, so to speak, drawn the sluices, a whole torrent of emotion rushes into the channel provided for it, and we attribute to the one external and assignable cause what really results from our own states of feeling. Because a particular match has exploded the magazine, we absurdly argue that no other match would have done equally well. We set up the first idol that comes to hand, and suppose that its perfections are the sole cause of our worship something has prepared us to prostrate ourselves before any shrine that offers itself. Love being a compound of so many forces, any one which is set in action draws all the rest after it by the principle of association. But all this does not answer the question as to how our choice is first determined. A young gentleman in London may see some hundreds of young ladies before he is brought down by one who is perhaps amongst the least apparently attractive of the whole number. That is the puzzle which is constantly recurring; and a solution of it would be of immense value to all match-makers whether of the loftier or the baser variety. What is the most promising method of attack? Which of all the causes that may precipitate the passion is the most generally available? If philosophers could tell us that, they would have taken the first step towards placing an occupation, now pursued on purely empirical principles, upon true scientific grounds.

To such a question we can of course give no satisfactory answer. It may be observed, however, that it has been very much obscured by the labors of novelists. Novels are supposed to be the embodiment of the authors' knowledge of human nature; a supposition to which there is a trifling objection that very few novelists know anything of human nature, and that at most they are familiar with particular instances and not with general principles. They of course go upon the general assumption that their hero and heroine are to be as attractive as possible; and they lay particular stress upon the merit most easily described—that of personal beauty. Jane Eyre for a time set the fashion of ugly heroines, but we have long since reverted to the old system. Accordingly an exaggerated estimate is placed upon the charms of beauty and upon the amiable qualities of mind and person which form part of the ordinary ideal of female merit. The error involved in this doctrine is that it lays far too much stress on the objective as distinguished from the subjective causes of falling in love. It assumes that the passion is determined by the external rather than the internal impulses, that a person falls in love because an attractive object is presented to him or her, and not because he or she is prepared for a passion of some kind. When the true principle is firmly grasped, it is obvious that the most successful match-makers must be those who adopt a different line of attack. Amongst the passions, for example, which go to form the aggregate is the desire for sympathy. Suppose, then, that a young gentleman has a taste for political economy or pigeon-doving. He may be assailed more effectively by a plain young woman who will submit to hear him lecturing on the theory of rent, and the incidence of taxation, or who will applaud his successful slaughter of birds, than by the most beautiful girl who will not condescend to take an interest in his pursuits. The great art of match-making is to provide the most efficient instrument for bringing down game of this kind. A clever man often prefers a fool to a clever woman, because the fool has the one talent of listening, and the clever woman may have the vanity to keep opinions of her own. The brilliant man of fashion is attracted by the apparently uninteresting old maid, because nothing is more interesting than that humble admiration which other women are too proud to bestow. A few cases of perverse matches may be explained after the event by the skill or the accidental felicity with which a commerce of reciprocal flattery has been established. Once put two people in that relation, and all the associated emotions may easily be introduced. It is as easy to produce an aesthetic admiration by working upon the desire for sympathy as to proceed in the inverse method; and the assumption that we should always begin with what is supposed to be the natural beginning in the cause of half our perplexities. But though these seem to be the first principles of the science, we admit that its perplexity baffles all attempts at a systematic deduction of its remoter doctrines. Luckily or otherwise, some people have devoted so much practical skill in applying the most efficient methods that a philosophy of the art seems to be superfluous as well as chimerical.

A literary lady of Terra Haute is immortalized in the campaign of '72 in Byronic verse. She has already written four hundred lines and has not yet reached the Baltimore convention. "When a man dies, men inquire what he has left behind him, and angels inquire what he has sent before him."—Mohammed. If Mohammed did say that, he said a sensible thing.

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THE NATIONALIST.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 5, 1873.

THE WEXFORD PIKEMAN.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

O'Hour, the Blacksmith, forged the pike, and better
The handle eight feet long, and two feet long the
blade.
Brave Father Murphy blessed it, one night by Slaney's
side.
And young Brian Bawn caressed it as a lover would his
bride.

'Twas on the groves of grand old Wexford, when the moon
was shining bright.
Our captain came to drill us through the long, long sum-
mer's night:
And first among his comrades, from summer's eve till
dawn,
With his pike upon his shoulder, was brave young Brian
Bawn.

Long we waited for the watchword: no "petitioners"
were we.
And before the tyrant's footstep scoured to bend the
freedom knee:
Long we waited for the time when we a goodly blow
could strike.
When our voice would be the rise, and our pen would be
the pike.

For glad and joyful tidings across the sea had flown.
That brave and gallant allies were coming with Wolfe
Tome.
And soon the dear old flag should fly o'er every hill and
glen.
With good Lord Edward at the head of twenty thousand
men.

One night between the bright May moon, down by the
river side,
Oh! how our hearts were beating with joy and manly
pride.
For our captain gave the order, that we long had wished
to hear.
And three hundred pikemen answered with a
cheer.

"Now God be praised," he proudly said, "the hour has
come at last,
And soon our brave old flag shall fly, aloft in freedom's
blast.
So boys, be up and ready, with your pikes in proud
array.
For we march to Ennisconry by the dawning of the
day."

'Twas then a wild and ringing cheer o'er Slaney's
waters rolled,
And fluttered in the moonlight clear, our flag of green
and gold.
And on our knees to Heaven we vowed the tyrants to de-
stroy.
While Brian fiercely grasped his pike, and cried for very
joy.

It is noon in Ennisconry, and the town is all aflame.
The dead and dying block the streets, and blood flows
fast as rain.
And hemmed around on every side, the weapons reeking
red,
Stand a band of gallant pikemen, young Brian at their
head.

Right well and nobly had he fought, with his brave com-
rades all.
Through Ennisconry's blazing streets, right to the bar-
rack wall.
But when he gained the barracks square, in sad dismay
he found,
A thousand ruthless foemen encircle him around.

Scant hope of mercy or escape,—scant hope of succor
there.
A thousand rifles round him gaze, a thousand bayonets
glare.
But never for one moment quailed his heart in fear or
doubt:
He fiercely grasped his blood-stained pike, and pointed
to the foe.

"One charge, my gallant comrades, for God and Father-
land!
And if we fall amid their ranks, 'twill be with pike in
hand.
The Saxon dogs! we'll meet them, with defiance firm and
high,
And if we cannot beat them, we will show them how to
die."

Right up against the levelled tubes, they rushed like
tempest blast.
The furnished tiger in the woods springs not so fierce and
fast.
With wild and desperate strength they leap against that
bristling wall.
But vain is valor, vain is hope; they struggle but to
fall.

One fatal valley from behind the coward Yeoman pour,
And Brian, wounded to the heart falls weltering in his
 gore.
His faithful pike with dying grasp clutched firm in both
his hands.
And sadly weeping by his side a bleeding comrade
stands.

With sudden start he looked around, a smile lit up his
eye.
For, writing on the bloody ground, a score of Yeomen
lie.
Death's icy fingers pressed his heart; but ere his spirit
fled,
He grasped his comrade by the hand, and mournfully he
said:

"Maurice, farewell: take thou my pike; 'tis weapon meet
for thee.
When next for Fatherland you strike, strike one good
blow for me.
I die as my brave fathers died, with freedom's blade in
hand.
Do thou the same, God guard the Green—and bless the
dear old land."

He closed his eyes, and back to earth the gallant Pike-
man fell.
As rose upon the evening air a wild and fearful yell,
And pikemen rush, and leap and push, with cheer and
wild hurrah!
Brave Maurice grasped the blood-stained pike, and
sprang into the fray.

That pike is yet in Wexford; there's blood upon it still.
Dark blood that flowed at Gortown, and eke at Oulart
hill;
And old men say on winter nights, when round the
hearthsides
'Twill help to drive the Saxon dogs from holy Ireland
yet.

The British Lion.

Artemus Ward, if alive, would appreciate the
delicious "sarkasm" of the following letter,
now going the rounds of the English papers:
Hong Kong on Thursday morning, bringing to San
England must be of interest.

"In my humble capacity of Assistant-Keeper
Antiquities in the British Museum, I had an
opportunity lately of observing that remark-
able foreigner. I was aroused from my slumber
some nights since to find my attendance was
immediately required at a most distinguished
place. On arrival, I found myself in the com-
pany of a party of elderly gentlemen, evidently
very cross and ill-humored.

"Now, then, Mr. Simms," said one of them,
'where is the British Lion?'
'I was so taken aback that I could only open
my mouth wide and give a grin, which, I dare-
say, did look rather foolish.

"Don't grin here, sir," continued the gentle-
man; 'we want the British Lion all ready by
to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and he is, or
ought to be, somewhere among the antiquities
in your cage. Count Schouvaloff insists upon
seeing him; so the sooner you find him the
better. When found, bring him here.'

"I replied that there was very little time, and
that, provided I could find the poor animal's
skin, it would be impossible for me to carry it
without assistance.
'Take a cab,' said the gentleman.
'Who's to pay?' I replied, for I began to sus-

pect I was in the presence of the Great L—
Ministry and it was necessary for me to be very
cautious.

"I will authorize the expenditure of one
shilling," said a gentleman whom I understood
to be named L—e (Lowe).
'Now be off,' said the first gentleman,
'and come back the quickest and nearest way.'

"Shan't go through the park!" shouted an-
other gentleman;—not unless he goes down on
his knees and asks my permission first.
'Oh! do be quiet, A—n—n,' (Ayrton, First
Commissioner of Works,) says the first gentle-
man.

"I hurried back to the B. M., and, after a
long search, I found the poor old animal's skin
—only his tail was off. He had been in the
habit, for some years before he died, of carry-
ing it stuck between his legs, and a joint had
given way. He had no teeth left, either, and
looked very mangy altogether. There was no
help for it though, so I called a cab, and away
we went. There was a deal of trouble to get the
animal up.

"Why he ought to show his teeth," said one
gentleman.
'Well,' said another, 'it's more diplomatic.
I think, to keep his mouth shut.'
'Very good, indeed,' said a gentleman called
G—e (Gladstone).

"But, then, how about the roar? Who cares
for a lion that can't roar?"
'Goodness gracious!' exclaimed several at
once, 'is the tail gone?'

"We might make a tail," said the first gentle-
man.
'It must be very stiff, you know,' said an-
other.

"The gentleman who had objected to my
going through the park twisted up a string of
paper, all printed over with 'Park Rules,' and
sticking it suddenly into the hind parts of the
British Lion, looked at us all triumphantly.
'The effect was wonderful! The lion him-
self looked frightened at his own tail!

"Capital! they all exclaimed: 'We will settle
the Count this time.'
'I was left in charge of the noble animal for
several hours, and, exactly at ten, I found foot-
steps approaching. A distinguished foreigner,
entered the apartment, and looked earnestly at
the noble beast. He tried to conceal a grin of
contempt as he gazed at the poor old animal's
face. I saw it, and determined to make a bold
stroke for dear old England. I slowly turned
the poor beast round and the frightful tail
waggled immediately before the nose of Count
Schouvaloff. He grew deadly pale.

"No," he muttered, 'my master has nothing
so terrible as this; and, still shuddering with
terror, he quitted the apartment.
'I took the poor old beast back to the Mu-
seum, and forwarded a claim the following day
for cab hire.

"B. M. to Downing street, 1s. Downing
street to B. M., 1s. Total, 2s.
'Will you believe it, sir?—a return fare has
been disallowed by the Treasury.
'Yours ever,
'WILLIAM SIMMS."

Boucault.

Is making a dramatic tour of the United
States, and will most probably honor San Fran-
cisco with his presence. That he may be un-
derstood thoroughly, we clip the following from
the Boston Irish-American Leader:

Dion Boucault in writing to a gentleman
friend of New York takes credit to himself for
elevating the character of the stage of Irishman-
hood, lifting it from the low buffoonery, which de-
lineators of our national traits were wont to in-
vest it with, and as he substantially states, both
as actor and author, giving to the present gen-
eration a faithful portrait of the Irishman
proper. The careless wit, the ready repartee,
the strong individuality of our national charac-
ter, all these features have, for ages, made the
Irish character a favorite subject with dramat-
ists. Apparently, however, these paper stainers
had never been honored enough to mingle in
the company of gentlemen. In all their plays
we find that the so-called representative Irish
man is a sort of half man, half mongrel, who,
capering about the stage with a battered hat,
frieze coat and imitative shillelagh, is supposed
with the aid of a nasal twang and villainous
accent, to present us with a counterpart of our
countrymen. Whenever the action of the play is
situated, be it in Ireland, England, America,
or the wilds of Australia, the indented head
protector and the piece of timber have come to
be indispensable.

The stage, we are told, should hold the mirror
up to nature. Have the dramatists who in a
hundred plays have exposed their ignorance
and belied our countrymen done this? Not a bit
of it. They passed over the great names whose
deeds in every clime have lent a brighter glow
to the page of history. Wading through the
ranks of marshalled heroes, of great statesmen,
of world-famed poets and able lawyers, they
single out some Anglo-Irish rustic, focus him
in the mind's eye and decorating their figure
with a broken pipe and carpenter's shillelagh
they place him upon the stage and say: "There,
ladies and gentlemen, behold a representative
Irishman."

Out upon such rubbish. We, as a class have
our faults, follies, vices if you will, but we have
yet to see the Irishman, who possessed of com-
mon sense, would degrade himself and country
by descending to the level of the buffoon. We
know of no nation in the world whose sons can
vie with the children of Erin in all the noblest
attributes of humanity, and Boucault, who
prides himself, we believe, on being an Irish-
man, should know this.

God save Ireland! Well, we hope he will,
and begin by prompting some one to give these
old causes.

If our people would abstain from patronizing
any entertainment where such caricatures upon
our race are presented, these dramas would
soon fall into disrepute. It is the hope of wit-
nessing something better than now induces them
to attend, but as long as they do the same vile
trash will still be served up.

Let absence be an emphatic condemnation of
the present dramatists' course. If they are de-
termined to present us with Irish plays, the
characters, for their own sake, must be such
that justice and therefore credit will be reflected
upon our nationality. We have no more need
of trashy abortions, fitted more to call up the
blush of indignation, than the smile which
springs from hearty amusement.

The London fire department costs about
\$300,000 a year, and that of New York nearly
\$1,000,000, although the latter city is only about
one-third as large as London.

A romantic couple not a great way from here,
named their infant daughter Caressa. This was
about eighteen years ago, and the boys are at it
now.

True Love

is a very sickle fellow. Self love seems to be
the only true love in existence. He takes care
of himself, and is always in love with some-
thing substantial. Good ordinary suppers,
beer, and "the almighty" dollar have great at-
tractions for him. This fellow is everywhere.
Look at him in England, where he appears in a
branch of promising case, in the Court of Com-
mon Pleas, the case of Surman v. Passmore
came on for hearing. It was an action to re-
cover damages for a breach of promise of mar-
riage, and the defendant, by his plea, denied
the promise, and also alleged that a reasonable
time for the performance had not elapsed.

Mr. Serjeant Robinson, in opening the plain-
tiff's case, said that his client was now about
thirty or thirty-one years of age, and was resid-
ing with her father at Trafalgar-square, New
Pekham. Her father had been one of the lead-
ing salesmen in Leadenhall Market, but he had
of late years become somewhat reduced in cir-
cumstances. He had a large family, and, hav-
ing lost his wife about six years ago, the plain-
tiff from that time acted as a mother to the
younger children. The defendant was a person
who, until lately, had carried on an extensive
business as a wholesale stationer in partnership
with Mr. Bishop, in Union street, in the
Borough, and also on Fish-street hill. He was
about 37 years of age. He was introduced to
the plaintiff's family in 1862. In the following
year an attachment sprang up between them and
plaintiff, and in October, 1870 he offered her
marriage. He professed the strongest possible
attachment for her, and said that she was a
person who would make him happy for life. The
defendant immediately afterwards gave the
plaintiff an engagement ring. They used to go
to chapel together, the defendant being a some-
what devout person, his letters contained
remarkably pious expressions. In one of the
earlier epistles he said:—

"DEAR LIZZY.—I hope you don't feel foggy
this morning. I thank you for the pudding,
and may you have as many years of happiness
as there are plums in it! "Drink, pretty
creature, drink." Headache was not caused
by that, for I had it the day before, but have
nearly lost it. Good-bye.

In another he said, "I am not myself at all,
from having a 'confusion' in my head and
chest—(laughter)—but nothing very serious."
There are many other letters, and there would
be no question whatever that there was an en-
gagement between the two parties, and that it
continued for about twenty-one months.

Miss Eliza Lavina Surman was called and
said—I am the plaintiff in this action, I became
acquainted with the defendant in December,
1869. He was a friend of my brother's. He
was a frequent visitor. He was a Sunday-school
teacher at Mr. Spurgeon's school. On the 20th
of October, 1870, the defendant offered me mar-
riage. I partly accepted him, and referred
my father. Soon after—in the following
week—he gave me an engagement ring, and it
was understood that I was engaged to him.

He introduced me to his family at Maidenhead,
and I was received as his future wife. In re-
turning from Mr. Spurgeon's chapel at the end
of June, 1872, I asked him why he was quiet.
He replied that he felt very unhappy lately;
that he felt his heart was not so great as
it ought to be. I said that I had heard that
his eldest sister had spoken against me. He
said she did at first say that I was not suited for
him, but not after he had told her that she was
mistaken. Before we parted, he said, "If you
will be lively and cheerful it will not make any
difference. I wrote to him on Monday that I
had passed a sleepless night, and hoped he would
think me more worthy of his love, and that I
would be cheerful and lively in future. After
this I saw the defendant, and received the fol-
lowing letter, bearing the postmark of the 6th
July, 1872:

"DEAR LIZZY.—Since Sunday evening I have
most seriously reconsidered the matter on which
we then spoke, and the more I think of it the
stronger is my conviction that it would be bet-
ter for both of us if our engagement were can-
celled. Soon after my proposal to you I began
to fear that I had made a mistake—that we were
not suited to each other—that I could not love
as I ought to love one who is to become my
future partner. Anxious to avoid wounding
your feelings, I avoided speaking to you about it
hoping your love would increase when we knew
more of each other. But I regret to say that
although no kindness has been wanting on your
part, for you have studied my every wish, yet
on my part I feel I could never give you that sin-
cere love and affection which a wife would have
the right to have from her husband. You ask
me if any one else has taken your place in my
affections, and I most solemnly answer 'No,'
and while desiring to act honorably to you, I
am so assured that our marriage would be pro-
ductive of misery rather than happiness to
both, that I ask you to release me from my en-
gagement. Will you kindly and seriously con-
sider the matter and let me hear from you as
soon as convenient? Under the circumstances I
think it better not to come over to-morrow—I
am, yours truly,
E. PLESTON.

I saw the defendant after this at Union street,
and asked him, if he continued in the same
mind, and he said that he certainly did.
The plaintiff's father and her brother were
examined. They spoke to the terms upon
which the plaintiff and the defendant had lived
as engaged people, and said that the plaintiff's
health and spirits had suffered seriously since
the engagement had been broken off.

The jury, after considering the matter for a
short time found a verdict for the plaintiff—
damages £320.

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watch in our families, our tempers; and in
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